VOLUME 154 NUMBER 18

OUTLOOK
and Independent

April 30, 1930

LOOKING FORWARD

ANY ONE WHO READ the Easter Sunday dispatches from Russia must have had strange feelings. In place of joyous Easter services, pealing cathedral bells and gorgeous processions, silent throngs knelt in the churches and, scattered through Moscow, groups of silent worshippers, their pale faces lit by candles, gathered beneath the April stars. Meanwhile, as a contrast, the Young Communists held boisterous parties in their gaily lit halls.

READING, it is easy for Americans to become genuinely anti-Russian, to picture all young Russia in the trough of an ever mounting wave of animalism and atheism, and gradually to form a picture of the Russian people as a race apart.

IT WILL BE a pity if some such conception takes hold of the ordinary American man in the streets. For such prejudices persist and in time often eventuate in actions motivated by hatred. Even now traces remain of our War time picture of the entire German race as an Asiatic horde, lost to all civilized ideals and intent only upon bloody destruction. At the present moment, the Russian is well on the way in this country to filling the niche formerly held by the Hun. And no good can come of it.

LET US REFLECT before it is too late that no country or race can be so indicted. To understand the struggles of the Russians is one of the great international needs of the times. Beneath all the brutalization and cynical betrayal which the new Russian ideal of life has suffered at the hands of many of its exponents there is the everlasting effort of the human being to achieve somehow freedom, spiritual truth and honesty and true independence of soul. The day will come when the Revolutionary era will be past forever and a new interpretation of the Christian religion will emerge to fill these same churches to overflowing. In the meantime, let us be patient and charitable and form our opinions slowly.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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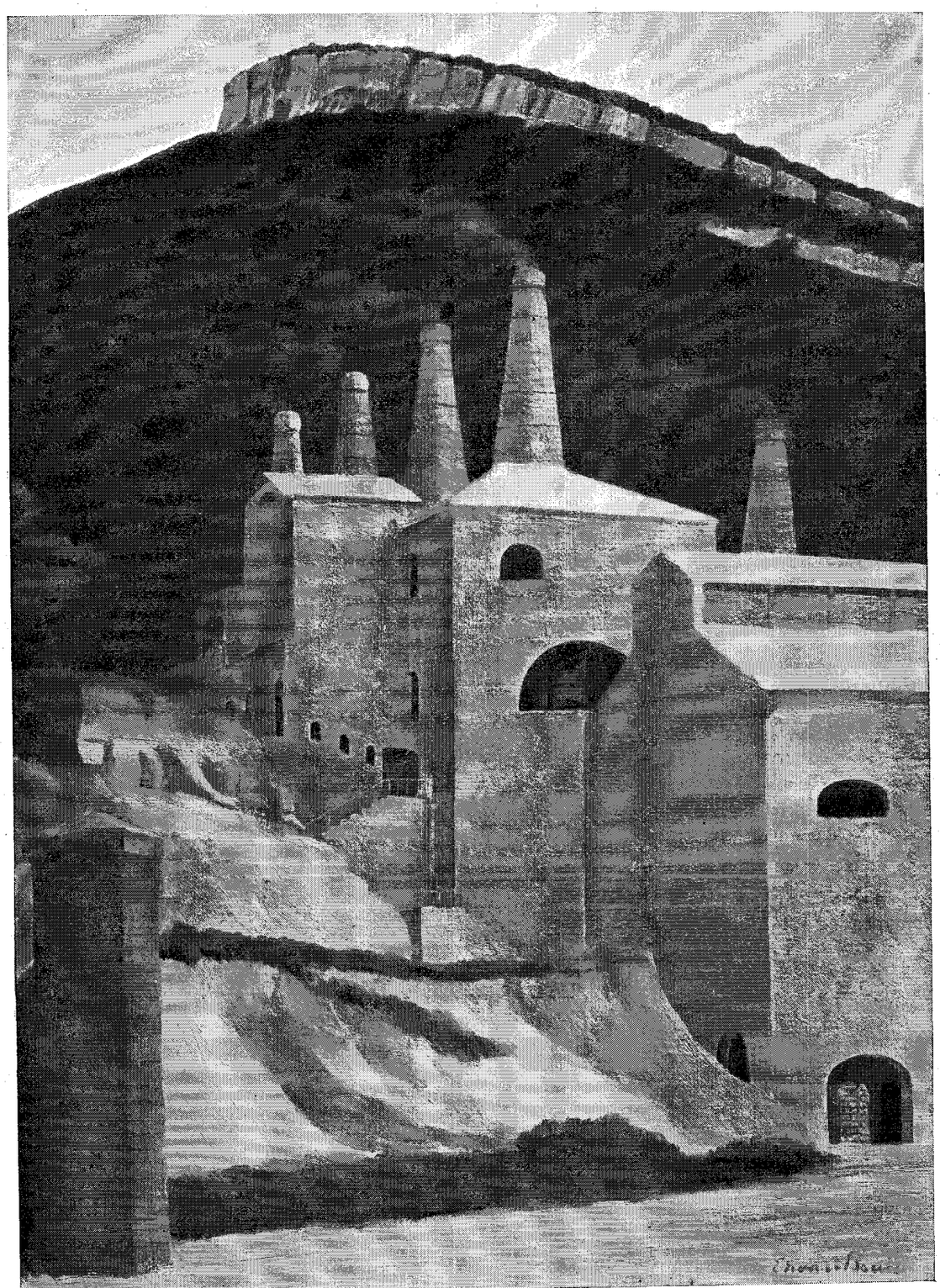

Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries

CEMENT WORKS
A painting by Edward Bruce

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

April 30, 1930

Exporting the Pay-Roll

American Wages and World Trade

By JOHN CARTER

The American gospel of high wages is beginning to be preached and practiced abroad, the chief missionary, quite properly, being Mr. Henry Ford. Mr. Carter discusses the several aspects of a movement of vital importance to American business

WHEN Henry Ford first established his minimum wage system at Detroit, he was denounced in conservative circles as a Socialist. Only the fact that the term "Bolshevik" had not been invented saved him from that crushing epithet. Within a decade the philosophy of high wages had become a fundamental element in the American business system. The high wage principle rests upon the simple fact that the national pay-roll is the key to national distribution and consumption of goods. The larger the pay-roll the greater the demand. This pay-roll now amounts to eighty-six billion dollars a year and recently proved the chief factor in lifting business out of the depression which followed the Wall Street slump.

American business is now discovering that the solution of international distribution and consumption lies largely in the export of the high wage system to other lands. We are at this moment engaged in promoting American standards of labor in other countries. In so doing, business is acting in its own interest as well as in the world's. According to Lincoln, the Union could not endure half-slave and half-free. Neither can the world endure half wage-slave and half well-paid. Unless the world price of labor is brought up to the American standard, American trade and world trade will lag. In other words, our real problem is to see that all workers receive wages sufficiently high to enable them to buy on a high standard of living.

The reason for this is two-fold. In the first place, high standards of labor on a world-wide basis will increase the world's rate of consumption, enlarge demand and stimulate production. It is obvious that a man who receives a few cents a day for his toil cannot purchase as much as a man who receives six dollars a day, or its equivalent in local buying power. This is just as true of the world market as it is of the home market. In the second place, increase of foreign wages lessens the competition which American business now meets from goods which are produced in terms of cheap labor. Just as it was the interest of free labor in England and of English industry which suppressed the slave trade, just as northern labor and northern industry fought and won the Civil War to end slavery on this Continent, so American business finds itself allied with American labor in combating low standards of labor throughout the world.

This movement is taking form on three separate fronts. One of these is private and, at the moment, is principally apparent in Europe. One of them is official and is directed against African slavery. The third is legislative and is expressed in the tariff against the importation of goods manufactured by forced or contract labor with penal sanctions.

Again it is Henry Ford who in Europe, as in the United States, has made himself the protagonist of the high wage movement. Last spring Mr. Ford addressed an inquiry to the International Labor Organization of the League of Nations. He was planning to establish branch factories in certain European towns and he wished to pay his employees in those factories wages which would be the equivalent in purchasing power of his minimum Detroit wage. He wanted the Labor Organization to ascertain what these wages should be. The request created some consternation and shortage of funds was advanced as a reason for declining it. Then Mr. Filene of Boston offered $25,000 to finance the investigation. No excuse for refusal existed and on June 15, 1929, the Labor committee voted nine to seven to accept the Filene offer and conduct the investigation. Last September the details of the inquiry were fixed and it was announced that its object was to determine, scientifically, "the standard of living made possible in Detroit by a wage of six dollars a day, and then to ascertain what wages should be paid to secure an equivalent standard of living in the European towns under consideration."

The decision provoked both bitterness and hostile comment from European employers and was welcomed with enthusiasm by European labor. The employers felt that American money was being used to bid up the price of labor against them, to deprive them of their traditional asset of cheap labor, and to let loose a new industrial revolution on the European continent. In other words, European employers felt and

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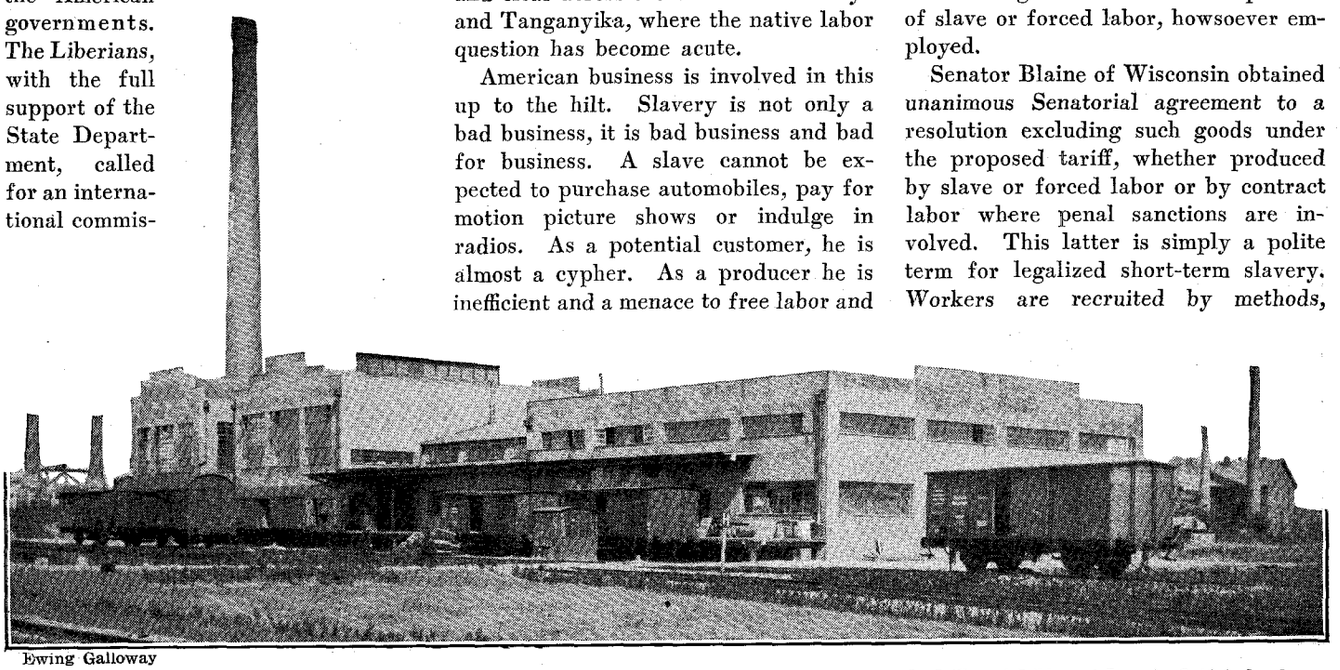
talked about Mr. Ford much as American employers had felt and talked before the War. On the other hand, there is some justification for their fears if the introduction of high wages and mass-production results in increased unemployment. Between the devil of American high wages and the deep sea of Bolshevism, European employers felt uneasy at the prospects opened up by the Ford-Filene inquiry. The French employers were especially critical and the proposed new high French tariff on automobile parts may be their answer to the spectre of Detroit wages at Bordeaux. On the other hand, European labor is naturally delighted with the prospect. High wages at Bordeaux mean that wages will go up elsewhere, and higher wages must in turn express themselves in increased consumption by the workers, provided an American wage policy adapted to a country with traditional labor shortage can work in a continent with a traditional labor surplus. As European labor regards it, in the old days the European workman immigrated to the American pay-roll, now the American pay-roll emigrates to the European workman.

The second phase of the American business drive for higher wages abroad takes the form of our Government's effort to suppress slavery. Last year, reports of slavery in Liberia, the little African republic which was colonized under American auspices with freed American slaves early in the nineteenth century, alarmed both the Liberian and the American governments. The Liberians, with the full support of the State Department, called for an international commission to investigate the charges. The commission consists of a representative of the League of Nations, a representative of the American Government and one of the Liberian government. The sudden death of the American Minister at Monrovia was not allowed to impede the constitution of the commission. And the State Department has sent out its Liberian expert to watch the investigation. The importance of this action lies less in the situation in Liberia itself than it does in the possible effect upon labor conditions in European African possessions. It was in the Belgian Congo that Casement discovered the rubber atrocities before the War; it was on the Portuguese island of San Thomé that the cocoa scandals were investigated; and the Liberian charges involve reports of slave-running from Liberia to the Spanish island of Fernando Po. West Africa is dotted with British, French, Spanish, Belgian and Portuguese possessions. The labor conditions in these colonies have not been aired since the War and the Liberian request for a League inquiry thus creates a valuable precedent for any colonial government which desires to clear itself of similar charges. In this case, American interest is enhanced by the desire of the Firestone rubber plantations for an opportunity to show that American plantations can be efficiently and profitably operated without recourse to methods traditional elsewhere on the West Coast. The effect will be felt down in Rhodesia and South Africa and clear across the continent in Kenya and Tanganyika, where the native labor question has become acute.

American business is involved in this up to the hilt. Slavery is not only a bad business, it is bad business and bad for business. A slave cannot be expected to purchase automobiles, pay for motion picture shows or indulge in radios. As a potential customer, he is almost a cypher. As a producer he is inefficient and a menace to free labor and to the goods produced by free labor throughout the world. In the second place, on the Liberian plantation experiment hinges a new phase in the expansion of American enterprise. Africa has hitherto been pretty much of a European preserve. We have a toe-hold in Morocco, the plantations in Liberia and some investments in the Union of South Africa, but not much else. If American methods and American wages make a success in Liberia, the way will be clear for a big expansion. American enterprises already flourish in South and Central America, in the East Indies and the Pacific. Africa, rich in agriculture, in minerals, in water-power, has hitherto been largely left to European capital and to European trade for its development. In the effort to investigate Liberian slavery, Amercian business witnesses the first act in a new era of economic expansion.

The final aspect of the struggle to improve labor conditions abroad is imbedded in our tariff and treaty policy, the joint legislative effort of American business and labor. In 1926 we departed from our traditional refusal to sign League treaties and affix our signature to the League Slavery Convention. The Geneva Convention of 1927 for the Abolition of Import and Export Prohibitions and Restrictions also bears our signature and includes an exception permitting us to exclude goods the product of slave labor. The Senate's Act in advising and consenting to this Treaty defined this clause as giving us the right to exclude goods which were the product of slave or forced labor, howsoever employed.

Senator Blaine of Wisconsin obtained unanimous Senatorial agreement to a resolution excluding such goods under the proposed tariff, whether produced by slave or forced labor or by contract labor where penal sanctions are involved. This latter is simply a polite term for legalized short-term slavery. Workers are recruited by methods,



Ewing Galloway

One of Germany's largest creameries is owned and operated by an American concern, Libby, McNeill and Libby, at Leer in Ostfriesland

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which are often unscrupulous, and are compelled to serve their term on pain of punishment or imprisonment. The contract laborer can be worse off than a slave, who was at least a valuable piece of real property, and liable to incredible chicanery and abuse.

This new measure strikes at forced labor systems throughout the world, at the "black-birding" for the copra plantations of the Pacific islands, at the rubber and tapioca plantations of the East Indies, at the coolie labor in East Africa and Malaya, at the labor codes of some Central and South American states, and at much of the African labor system. If literally enforced, the proposed restriction would cut us off from many of our supplies of essential tropical raw materials.

It is safe to say, therefore, that if enacted it will not be rigidly enforced. On the other hand, it gives us a valuable weapon to employ in improving labor conditions abroad and in combating competition in terms of cheap contract labor against the American goods produced by free labor and high wages. Here again, the question of what is practical will decide our course. In many fields, American companies operating abroad are actually improving the working and wage conditions of the countries where they are located. The United Fruit Company in Central America, the American plantations in the East Indies, the Ford plants in Europe, and the American oil companies throughout the world, are doing their share. It is up to American business to demonstrate its practical ability to raise wages and operate efficiently abroad. Whether it can do so in the tropics will be the test of our new code of labor ethics.

It is a complex and confusing problem. What should be the attitude of a government which desires to develop the natural wealth of its territory, in the face of a population which loathes work and prefers dancing, singing and fishing to the tasks of tapping rubber-trees, raising cocoa-beans or mining copper? If an American banana company in the Republic of Coluela agrees to pay pickers a peso a day and they accept only to riot and threaten to cut down the banana-trees unless their wages are doubled, is the company to raise the price of bananas in New York for the benefit of its competitors or is it to call on the authorities to enforce the compulsory wage clause of the Coluelan Banana Act? And are the American workers who loudly sympathize with the Coluelan strikers going to insist on buying the more expensive bananas produced by contented peons or the cheaper brand produced by bayonets?

It isn't so simple, after all. How are Britain's East African possessions to contribute their share to the world's stock of commodities—and it is the world's right to insist that each part contribute its quota—if the natives insist on raising cattle and living from hoof to mouth? Can cotton, sisal, sugar, rubber, coffee, cocoa, tea and a host of other commodities be grown in the tropics without compulsion? Have the more efficient races the right to insist that the less efficient races become more efficient? Can South Africa become a "white man's country" without trespassing on the elemental right of the blacks to own land and do as they please with it? Did the United States become a "white man's country" by showing the Indians every courtesy and consideration? Are our own labor conditions, in Western Pennsylvania or in North Carolina, such that we can afford to advise other nations?

The answer is that it doesn't make any difference. We judge our policy by its successes rather than its failures. The weight of American business opinion is coming to a realization that depressed labor conditions are a world-wide problem and that it can't keep our wages high or eliminate the weak spots in our own system except as it can carry the American gospel of high wages to the ends of the earth. Coolie labor and slave labor makes for cut-throat price competition and a weak market. The planter may buy a Lincoln but the coolie can't even hire a ride in a Model T Ford. High dividends in Lisbon and Antwerp may be paid for in a low standard of consumption from Cape Verde to Angola. Cheap tapioca from the Dutch East Indies may cut off so many demands for manufactured goods in that market as to be, in fact, the most expensive of foods.

The American wage experiment had hitherto shown that money laid out in wages comes back in orders for mer-

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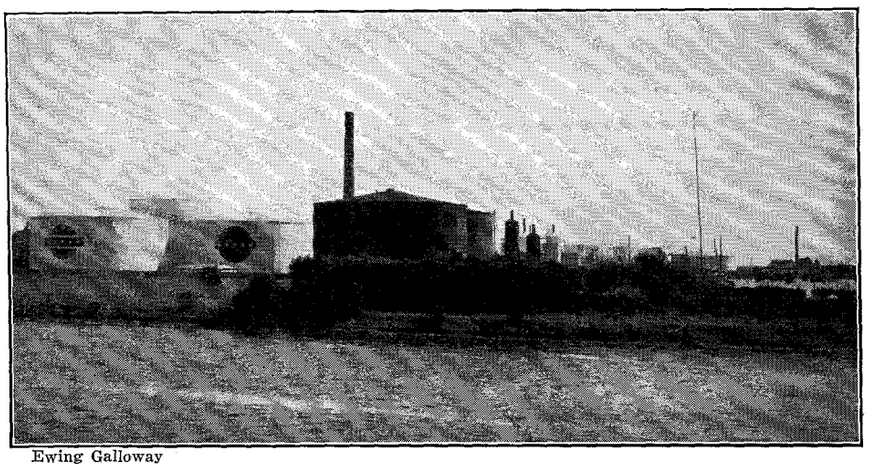
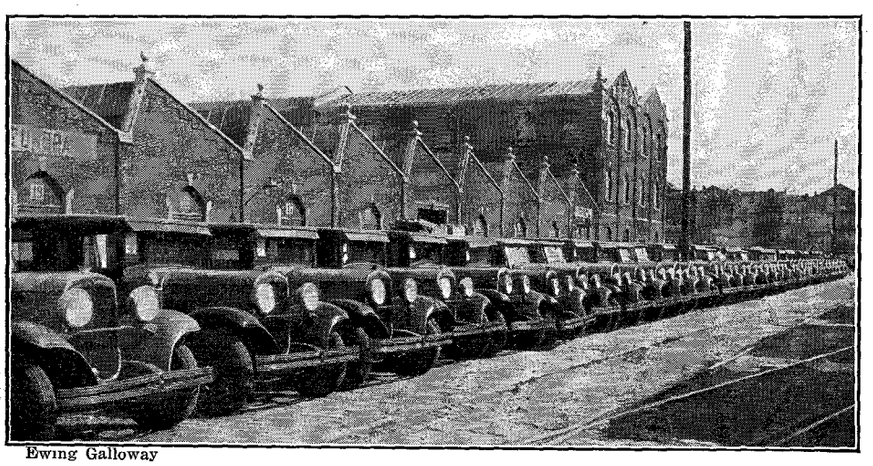


Ewing Galloway

Storage tanks of the American Petroleum Company, near New Amsterdam



Ewing Galloway

Chrysler cars made at the Antwerp plant

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The Unredeemables

By JOSEPH LILLY
and BENJAMIN HANFT

THE American working man has been taught to goosestep all the way to the water line. All over the country you can hear the clip-clip-clip of the workman's boot as he steps up to punch the clock at the beginning of his day's work, and again at the end. Yankee sharpers, easy going Negroes, leisure loving southerners, hell-busting westerners—all groups of manual and clerical wage-takers have been put through the efficiency schools and have come out docile and even apt for mass production. All men, that is, except one. He is the American seaman.

Unimpressed by the blessings of prosperity, ignorant of the moral beneficence of prohibition, he stands, belligerent, boastful, and often-times besotted, the last remnant of what was once, by and large, a nation of high-spirited men, who took joy in their jobs and thumbed their noses at straw-bosses. Who has not seen the tethering of the itinerant mechanic, the taming of the boomer-brakemen? Who doesn't know that the hard-drinking woodsmen are being forced out by the new machinery and the shrinking forests? We have even seen the war-whooping cowboy riding out of the scene in a flivver, to take post as an ornament on a dude ranch. But the common sailor still rolls about intransigent, dignified in his tattoo and his tatters, taking lip from no boss, and letting the tides of misfortune carry him wherever they may.

A windy walk in any of our seaports will show you how it is. Look about Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, New Orleans, San Francisco, Seattle. Though men have built down to the harbor's edge in each of these cities you'll still find what to the sailor is "beach"—the "beach maru" in his international argot. In New York the evidence is most plentiful, since its port still handles ninety per cent of all ocean traffic. Twenty thousand sailors, eighteen hundred of them Americans, come into the port daily, on the average, and seventy per cent leave the ships which bring them in. Ask your favorite expert on industrial efficiency what a turn-over of seventy per cent means and he'll tell you that no industry can survive it.

Let there be no misunderstanding. The American seaman today is not the modern counterpart of the men who went down to the sea in whaling boats and clipper ships. There is nothing of that old romance about him. Herman Melville would, perhaps, loathe him; Joseph Conrad as a matter of fact despised him. Of his ships John Masefield never would sing as he sang in Cargoes:

> Stately Spanish galleons coming
> from the Isthmus
> Dipping through the Tropics by
> the palm-green shores,
> With a cargo of diamonds,
> Emeralds, amethysts,
> Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold
> moidores.

Our seaman goes down to a ship today as a miner goes down to a Pennsylvania colliery, or a robot into a factory. He hates the sea, when he feels emotional about it at all, and he has no love for his ship. He knows nothing of the great traditions that romancers revere. He comes, not from a clan of sea-faring men, but most often from families of fresh-water machinists, bricklayers, bookkeepers, farmers, or immigrant laborers. In only one respect does he share in the glory of his predecessors, and that is in his sturdy independence of everything and every one, which more often than not leaves him a neck-breaking buckaroo.

His going to sea in the first place was a reaction against the lathe-turned drabness of his home and his factory, and in literate instances, perhaps of our current literature. It all makes a pretty dull picture. He is too inarticulate to tell why he did go, but if you lounge and drink with him in South Street, New York, or ride his "wagons," you'll find that he is a rip-snorting protest against the instalment plan buying of automobiles, radios, electrical ice-boxes and hand-me-down suits. He flouts brazenly the most sacred of all sea traditions—its discipline and the subserviency of the man on the deck to the master on the bridge.

Step aboard the average 5,000 ton freighter leaving the Port of New York almost any day in the year and you'll note a pretty trim vessel and a crew, including officers, of about thirty-five men. There will be ten so-called able seamen on deck. There will be eight of the so-called Black Gang below. The rest are officers, engineers, cooks and messmen; and then there are the steward and wireless operator.

The officers and the engineers constitute the upper crust, but even the common sailors cannot look upon them without a feeling of deep pathos. Their excessive numbers and the factory-minded shipowners have reduced this caste to a state of servility that is appalling. Hardly one of them but is frightened that for some slip his ticket will be taken away. There are reasons for this; but that is another story. Their lack of self-confidence is so great that even the stewards and the wireless operators have been able to crash the gate into their society.

The common seamen on deck and the common mechanics below are a social unit, with the messmen most often included, and are opposed temperamentally, economically and socially to every one else aboard. In the early days of the steamship, when the deck crews were made up entirely of men who had served their apprenticeship on sailing vessels, there was a deep and abiding hatred between the men above and below decks. That still persists in the Navy, in a collegiate sort of fashion, but on commercial ships there is no difference except a legal one. True, there is a slight antagonism between deck officers and engineers, since the deck officers traditionally rate a higher social standing than the more deserving engineers. But, again, we are not concerned with men holding licenses.

Our concern is with the eighteen men, twenty-two at most, including the messmen, of the thirty-five aboard. Among the eighteen there will be scions of at least six different races—often as many as eighteen: Scandinavians, Spaniards, Greeks, Britishers, infrequently a Jew. Many of them are immigrants, most of them are second-generation Americans, all in all a cross-section of such industrial communities as Pittsburgh, Chicago, Scranton, Wheeling or St. Louis.

Each of the eighteen has signed for this particular voyage for one compelling reason. He was hungry, he was penniless, he had exhausted the generosity of his last friend, and he was

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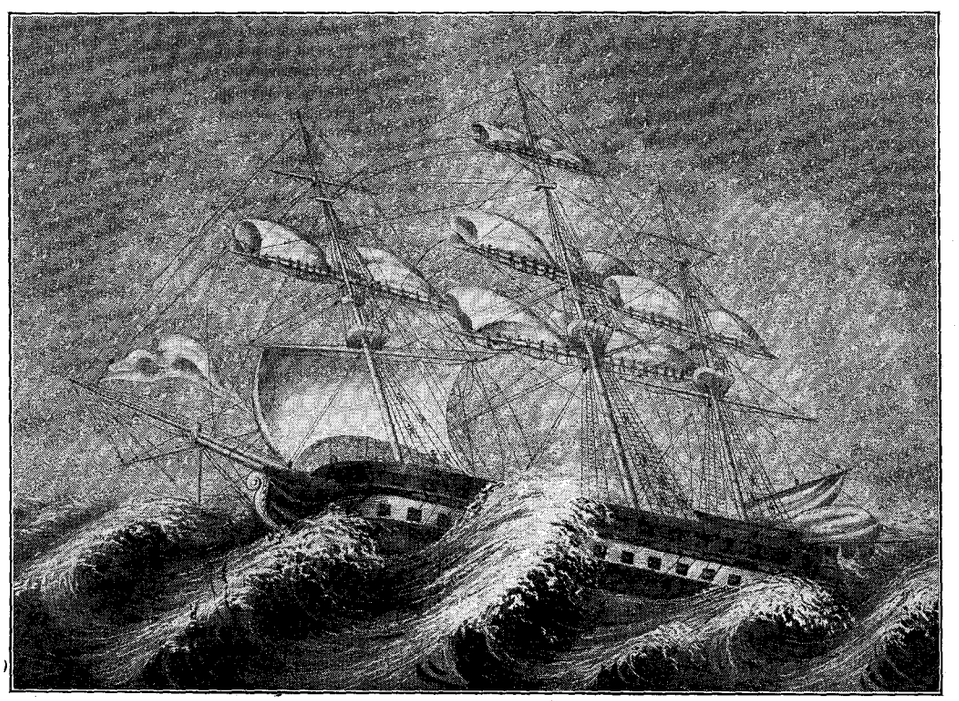
so bored that to save himself from physical and mental collapse there was nothing to do but take the only escape open to him. He has braced himself and resolved to save his money and to make this trip his last. He has determined to use his pay-off at the end of the voyage for a new suit and a billet to some inland haven. He is off, on the average, for a trip of two months—to Europe, to the West Coast, to South America. When he is very depressed he signs on for a six-months trip to the West Coast of Africa. He usually signs on a day or so before sailing, and though he can't draw cash, he at least can get cigarettes and dungarees out of the slop chest. Usually every one is broke on the voyage out, but every one knows whence his meals will come.

For a week, let us say, he is a fairly contented man, pleased with his own good resolutions, inclined to spit in derision when he thinks of the comrades he left on the water-front. But after a week his stomach has become accustomed to food at regular intervals, and, as he says, the wrinkles have been smoothed out of his belly. Like as not some one has been holding out a few bottles of very low-grade whiskey, and since companionship on board has been rather chilling, he produces it.

You may say what you please against liquor, but even a prohibitionist won't deny that it warms up things. A few snootsful and some one begins reminiscing in the fo'c'stle. This isn't his first trip toward the port for which they're heading, but he hopes it will be his last. The only thing that really makes the trip bearable to him is that he knows, what he calls, in language cadged from the doughboy, a *femme* not far from the dock. In fact, she is the reason why he chose this particular ship for his last. The evils for which he cursed her diminish into points of charm. He forgives her for "rolling" him the last time. All he asks is one more good time with her and a farewell sock on the jaw as *bon voyage*.

This sort of talk naturally draws men closer together, aship and ashore. It supplies a complete background for their gregarious instinct. A week on the North Atlantic, under a monochromatic gray sky, chipping rust, "soogying" like a charwoman, or, if below decks, going through the dull routine of watching gauges, oiling engines, swabbing pump rods, inclines even philosophic anchorites toward the love of warm flesh and bubbling flagons. The panic is on. Every one has his plans made for his first night ashore. The remainder of the voyage is spent in keeping patient and ignoring the officers, whose tempers grow shorter as the wake lengthens. Three days out of land "channel fever" sets in; men have no desire to eat, and they can't sleep.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

A squall off Cape Horn

Once the ship is tied up every last man Jack, except the three on watch, stampedes to shore. And here let a problem be resolved: Sailors have often been criticized for their choice of women. Their ladies often have been referred to as "blisters," "blowsers" and even "cows." But how many of those who criticize have ever spent three weeks on a steel cork, listening to the lascivious tales of mischievous bunkmates, and then have landed, looking none too dandyfied themselves, with a very few dollars in their pockets? How far ashore would the critics go before tarrying?

Once the ship is tied up all but the watch vanishes. At the end of the pier is the dock canteen. Half the crew never gets beyond it. There libidinous dreams float off in alcoholic vapours. There the sailor sits and stands and lies and drinks for ten days until the whistle blows and the mate comes raging to get his crew aboard. Sometimes he enlists the gendarmerie, who never are very friendly to ship-jumpers. The half who got beyond the canteen have stepped up the line while they were able to walk. There they stay until they are broke, or are thrown out. In the meantime the skipper and the officers left aboard get along as best they may, with what help they may hire ashore, often from American beach-combers, who, by standing a watch now and then, are able to sustain themselves indefinitely in all the important ports of the world.

Thanks to the late Senator LaFollette, the American seaman enjoys a preferred position in every foreign port. Unlike his foreign competitors he is entitled, with no discretion left the captain, to half of his pay the moment his ship ties up. On a voyage from New York to Genoa, for instance, most of the crew would be entitled to about eighteen or twenty dollars upon reaching Genoa. This isn't very much for spending even in the cheapest dives. Worse, the American seaman enjoys the handicap of all his compatriots abroad. He is an American: *ergo*, he has more

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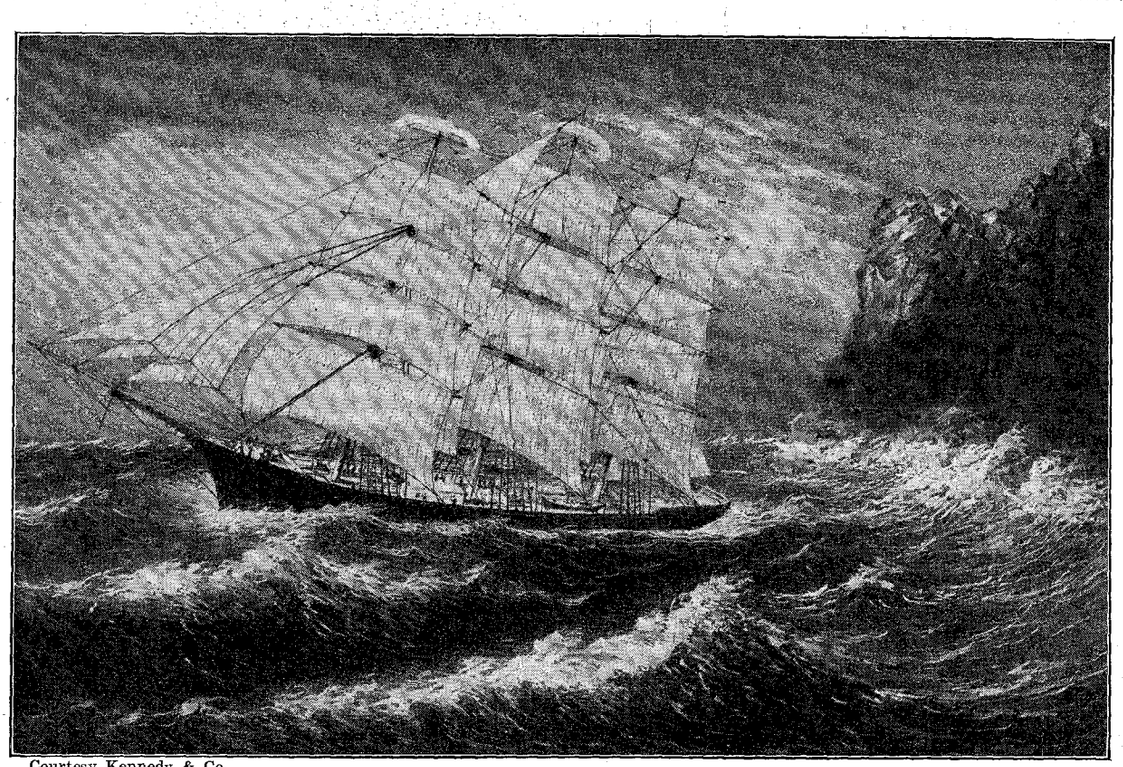

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

Off a lee shore

money than any one else. The only prices that aren't hiked for him are the street car tariffs. The natural result is that when the officers of a ship are not very, very careful, many items of ship's stores disappear. Tarpaulins of the finest canvas, costing $500 each in New York, slip over the side for from $25 to $50 each in dozen lots. Excellent Manila hemp in the longest strands uncoil themselves into junkmen's bumboats. Even crates of canned soup and bags of flour, and deck and engine-room paints, and tools, vanish. Punishment would be severe, but seldom is any one caught. There are no sea-going detectives.

Although this bumptious conduct is almost the invariable procedure, the captain and his staff never become accustomed to it. They always start home feeling outraged and betrayed. They "log" the deserters for every day they have missed. They curse and they revile. They go as far as the law allows—but no further. The American seaman knows his rights, and the officers realize it. Besides, the American seaman has the guts to stand up for his rights. If necessary he'll drop a wrench into a piece of machinery, very accidentally, of course, but very costly on the company's maintenance sheets after all. By the time a man has become an officer he knows there is an *esprit de corps* in the ranks, and that for him to step too far in discipline might impel him into the ocean on a dark and stormy night. He knows, if any one knows, that in the International Hooligan Navy, stripes on the sleeve provoke mostly contempt. So officers are competent to control themselves just this side of safety.

But the long voyage home is one of misery. Often the steward has managed to sell, for his private profit, what the crew couldn't lay hands on. Then, to cover his defalcations, he cuts down on the rations of the crew—normally about sixty cents a day. There is grumbling and threatening, and, occasionally, rank insubordination. And this is most unfortunate, because there is more work to be done coming home than leaving. The ship must be painted from the stack down to the water line, inside and out. If the men work well the chief mate and the first engineer issue recommendations of mercy for the "logging." Penalties are remitted. A week from home the crew is downright penitent. The last voyage must be made over again, and this time to another port. Every man prays that he will be paid off with at least enough money to keep himself alive until he can sign on the new ship.

This is the spirit in which most of the 1,800 or so seamen come into New York Harbor every day. None is seasick, but almost all are sick of the sea.

The police and the reform organizations in New York, as in other ports, are fairly liberal about seamen's dives. There certainly is no formal agreement about it. But general consent recognizes that ships must have sailors and sailors must have flings. Moreover, the sailors seldom move out of their half-acre into the landsmen's world. If they cheat and rob and fight, it is almost always among themselves, and they have a way of taking care of such matters. It is the way of boys, with hard feelings almost always absent after the fight is over. The number of seamen in the criminal courts is amazingly small.

The ordinary man can't wheedle his way into the seamen's speakeasies. But when he does, and meets every one on even terms, he is in for the most amusing time to be had in the town. It is like Gorki's play, *The Lower Depths*, with all the gloom left out. There are only childish tragedies here and the most comical sort of stuff. Making it more excellent, the sailor is thoroughly unconscious of this side of himself.

A case in point is their patriotism, in the hundred-percenter's meaning of that term. You'll find no individual who shouts more about the greatness of his native land than the sailor, from whichever land he be. But he can be assuaged. A Britisher, say, walks into "Mickey" Burke's speakeasy. "Mickey" has a bigger following on the waterfront than Texas Guinan has among the saps, he's twice as amusing and homely, and, besides, he's witty and sharp tongued and he can fight with both feet.

The trouble with most of "Mickey's" customers is that they are almost constantly broke. They arrive early and stay late. If some one isn't buying

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▶▶ Europa (or Bremen) Ueber Alles! ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

IN VIEW of recent developments in speed competition between ocean greyhounds, one is tempted to compose a jingle in the style of "Who-Killed-Cock-Robin," starting thus:

Who holds the record?
"I," said the Bremen
(And don't put "pro tem" in)
I'll *keep* the record!

and followed by this:

Who holds the record?
"I," said Europa,
And, barring some faux pas,
I'll keep the record!

Then there would follow another rhymed boast from the Bremen (it having recovered the record) and another from the Europa (it having dethroned the Bremen again) and so on indefinitely, until the jingle had assumed the alarming proportions of its "Cock-Robin" model.

The timeliness and point of such a lyric will become apparent to the reader (I hope) when he reflects that what has happened this spring may well be duplicated throughout the coming summer. It became known, when the Europa, on her maiden trip to New York, beat the record run of the Bremen by eighteen minutes, that her captain had held her back a bit, not allowing her engines to be stretched to their full capabilities. That looked to some people mighty like preparation for enabling the Bremen to get the record back again and then letting out the Europa on some later trip this summer and grabbing the record for her again and continuing these seagoing Alphonse-and-Gaston tactics ("After you, my dear Europa—after you, my dear Bremen") — until every newspaper reader on both sides of the Atlantic became madly excited and the pockets of the Germans owning the two steamships bulged to the verge of bursting.

FOR THE Europa and Bremen seem sure to have things all their own way in the matter of ocean racing during the next few months, unless something entirely unforeseen happens and puts some other steamer among the competitors for the blue ribbon of the Atlantic. When the Bremen wrested the blue ribbon last year from the Mauretania, which had held it for more than twenty years, there was much talk about the building of other liners, flying flags other than the German, which were to be so speedy as to leave the German greyhound behind in the race.

From England came the news that both the Cunard Line, owner of the dethroned Mauretania, and the White Star Line, owner of the speedy Majestic, were planning to build new ships capable of crossing the Atlantic at a number of knots per hour greater than that reeled off by the Bremen on her sensational maiden voyage. But there has been some hitch in the English plans. As matters stand at present with the Cunard and White Star Boards of Directors and the British shipyards that do their bidding, neither line is in a position to provide the German record-breakers with a rival until many months have elapsed—unless the old Mauretania should develop such an extraordinary burst of speed as to recover the record held by her for so many years, from Alphonse Bremen and Gaston Europa.

The French, too, came out with plans for a super-speeder after the Germans had annexed the blue ribbon. But even if these plans proceed toward realization with the rapidity desired by their sponsors, no French competitor for transatlantic speed honors can possibly be launched until Bremen and Europa have been across the Atlantic many, many times. The fastest French ships now in the service between Havre and New York—the Île-de-France and Paris—have never traveled at a speed such as to threaten the German record —indeed they were never in the field as competitors of the Mauretania before the Germans put that staunch old liner's nose out of joint.

Americans have also made public plans for building ships speedier than the two German racers, but here likewise it will be a matter of many months before any such liners can be put in commission—even assuming that plans are carried out according to schedule, which is doubtful.

Another possible rival of the Germans are the Italians. There have been reports from Italian sources about the appearance, before long, of Italian liners capable of traveling from Italy to America at a hitherto unheard-of speed —at a rate, in fact, which may surpass that of the Bremen and Europa. But, even if Italian plans materialize, the Germans have nothing to fear from them for a long time.

So the only competitor to the Bremen which actually put in an appearance this spring was the Europa, which not only flew the same flag as the Bremen but was operated by the same German shipping company—the North German Lloyd.

INCIDENTALLY, not even the most expert of statistical "sharks" can compute the value, in free advertising, that has accrued to the North German Lloyd in particular and to Germany in general as a result of the record-breaking performances of the Bremen and Europa —nor the further value, in the same medium, which will come to their owners and the country whose flag they fly should they battledore-and-shuttlecock the transatlantic record between them this summer. That this value runs far into the millions of dollars is beyond doubt. In this age of advertising, when enormous sums are spent on tempting the public to spend its dollars in directions remunerative to advertisers, spenders of such sums must gnash their teeth in envy and rage when they reflect what profit has poured into the pockets of the owners of the Bremen and Europa without costing them anything. Space on the front page of newspapers which could not be bought by the wealthiest advertiser has been devoted, over and over again, to broadcasting the achievements of the German speed twins, without so much as a pfennig being charged to their owners. It is the kind of thing that business concerns all over the world dream about but seldom see realized; the kind of thing which, when realized, makes Boards of Directors run around in circles and gibber with maniacal joy. That, undoubtedly, is what the owners of the aforementioned two German ocean greyhounds are doing—behind closed doors of course, as befits solemn Teutonic shipping magnates. And, meanwhile, the probabilities that we are to see this summer the aforementioned German Alphonse-and-Gaston act in transatlantic speeding become constantly stronger.

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After the War Is Over

By EUGENE A. DAVIDSON

"LIEB VATERLAND, magst ruhig sein"—we sang lustily, seven or eight of us with a few mumblers and one earnest effort towards "harmony." It was a few years ago and therefore closer to the end of the War, but we smiled with the utter fatuousness of sober men who rather fancy their own voices; and as we came to the crashing end—"Fest steht und treu die Wacht"—we roared it out of purple faces.

And then to the probable regret of involuntary listeners we sang "Die Wacht am Rhein" several times over. We were not only fond of the tune; we were fond of Germany. At the time we were undergraduates, and some of us had been abroad since the War, and none of us had been in action more sinister than Liberty Loan campaigns. We had seen and heard florid accounts of the Germans, the stories of their sinfulness had been related for such as we, and yet we were singing the anthem of Imperial Germany. And we were not Bolshevists or Pacifists, or unusually perverse—I believe all of the crowd (they went to one of the oldest American universities) to have been for generations of American descent, and all of them had they been old enough at the time would have been in the American trenches in France. Since 1918 then we may infer that something vital had happened to them. Something had flipped them neatly into different prismatic fields where the helmets of troops shone curiously alike.

German Tourist Inf. Office, N. Y.

The Doppelbrücke, Rothenburg

One of the obvious causes of this attitude was in the curriculum itself. The undergraduates encountered in their history courses a hard and scientific approach to the questions of War guilt, and to the methods of carrying on the War, that was essentially different from the propagandist activities of the years 1914-1918. We discovered that Germany was not held responsible for starting the War, and that atrocities were always ascribed to the other side infrequently with any factual basis. We were told of the efforts for peace that various countries had made in 1914, negotiations in which Germany was conspicuous. We were told of former occasions when the peace mantle fitted her—the Boer war for example, when England was isolated and Germany stood alone against what might very well have been a continental attack on England. And lightly as undergraduates usually hold their classroom experiences, these statements contained for many of us such an unexpected charge that we were moved a little.

But statements of fact would not rouse American undergraduates to song. Their lyric moments usually correlate with personal experiences. In this instance there was not so much an embittered feeling of having been tricked into animosities, but rather an amused retrospection of their own gullibility. And this carried over to classmates who had been more directly involved. One of them was an Englishman, entirely charming and very English. He had been slowly heated to an apoplexy of patriotism and he would never again, he assured me, be excited about anything but squash racquets. There was a Russian who had fought as an officer against the Germans. At college he was distinguished for a kind of salon (and also saloon) that he made of his room where some of us used to talk all night long of Life and Letters. He was not only gracious towards his former enemies, he was fervid. He would like, he told us once, to hold a commission in the German army—Russia and Germany would not fight again—he was confident of that; and *there* was a career and *there* was an army. One more person comes to my mind—a Frenchman. He had been wounded defending some obscure village, and later came to America and led us through his precarious language. In and out of class we held tentative conversations—tentative on our part because he really made speeches while we chimed "oui" and "non" when he stopped for breath. He was entirely uninterested in the War; he had one solution for the difficulties of France and that was a rapprochement with Germany.

Our enthusiasms and antipathies are involved in so many slight experiences that they are often to be traced to wisps of perfume and the faintest of visions. But hats are waved in wider arcs and hearts are more fluttered when a very small half-back runs down the field. "He looks so little out there." He may be tough enough to tackle a cement wall but if he is little—. And for us there was some of that in Germany's spirited fight. Ten million Russians, five million French—all of them trained as thoroughly as their countries' resources permitted. Germany and her allies outnumbered completely in man power, without much of a food supply—they conquered five countries and the War ended on French territory. They were defeated but they did very well. France has now to count heavily on her African spheres of influence; and when she next calls her sons to arms many will be colored. So when the waves of lethal war writing subsided there was the undoubted picture of one nation against many—all of them having armed as many men as completely as possible. Undergraduates were impressed by that.

There was also the changed news-

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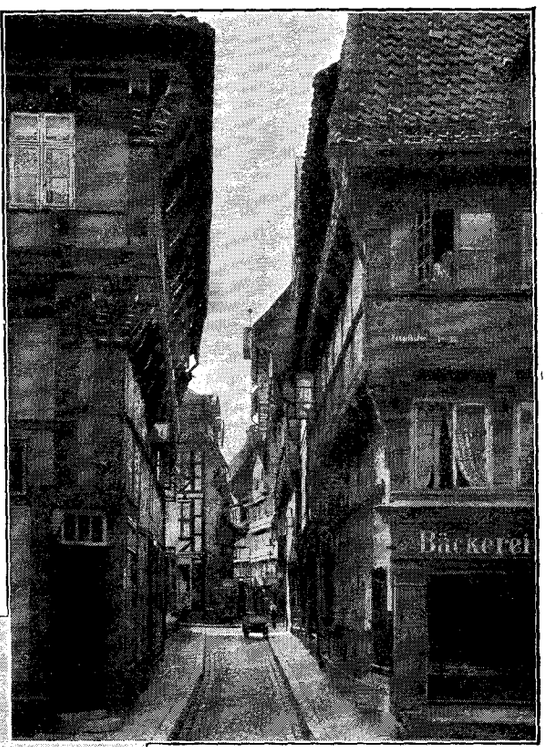
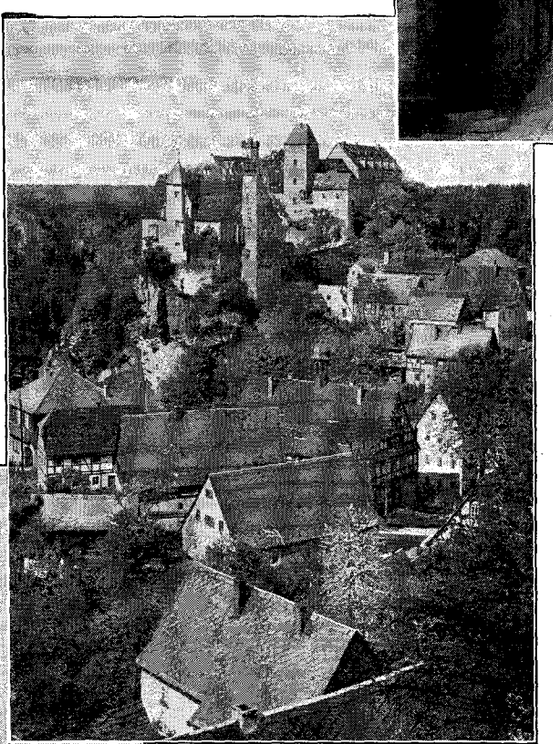
paper comment. Enormous pressure seemed to have been lifted from the press. When Professor Sidney B. Fay published a book, not only exonerating Germany from the charge of starting the War, but arraigning France for her belligerent inactivity as she made no attempt to restrain Russia, it was sanely reviewed by papers that would have burst of their own indignation a few years before. There were other causes; travel abroad which reached unprecedented proportions after the War—and Americans found that of all the nations on the continent the mores and psychology of Germany were closest to theirs. Returning travelers in or out of uniform are perhaps quite important in the mass because their reminiscences are told to so many audiences. The entire monstrous story that had grown up about Germany was refuted in the ample flesh by every one of her emigrants met in whatever capacity in this country. Peace-loving, kindly, industrious, stubborn, they comprehended all the virtues and defects of our own tradition.

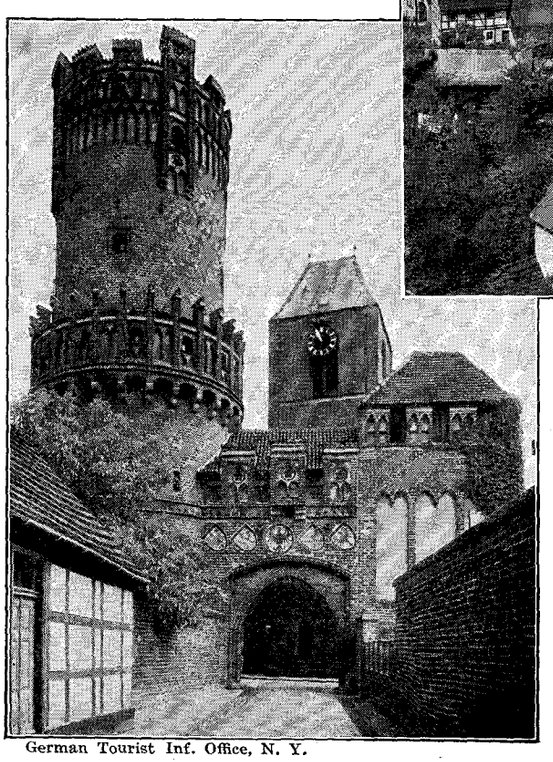
When war imagery was blown large we were all to believe that this same people were eating children in Belgium because of their frantic ambition for world conquest. Over here it was an innocuous and pleasant citizenry that retained its hearty accent and small genius for racketeering. But abroad they were a lustful, insensate horde of Asiatic parentage. Of course we did not believe that, but much was swallowed between August, 1914, and November, 1918. When those years were gone, it did not take a long time or extensive efforts to correct the perspective. One had only to look at Germany and the Germans. We had hurled imprecations and more violent missiles at the broad backs of a plodding people who were ingenuously intent on keeping their boundaries firm; we had imagined what their bloody faces must be like, and the cartoonists had done their worst, and all the time they were relatives—the side of the family that prefers opera.



Meinhardshof, Brunswick



Hohnstein in Saxon, Switzerland



German Tourist Inf. Office, N. Y.

Neustädter Gate, Tangermünde

In five, in ten, or twenty or fifty years, national manias disappear. There are those artificially stimulated because of economic antagonisms that have more endurance but generally speaking they do not last. It is incredible to believe that in 1900 well meaning New England ladies refused to have their sons' names inscribed on the same war memorials with southern soldiers. Following the reconstruction activities of Republican carpetbaggers, it would have taken a hardy prophet to say that in 1928 Virginia, North Carolina, and the rest would give their electoral vote to a Republican candidate for President. But the years are great statesmen. And they bring to light letters like the following:*

"How one gossips with the sun after such a night of battle! One becomes once more a loving sensible human being after such soul racking pain and struggle. One's eyes are opened to the importance of man and his achievements in the realm of culture. To war against war, to fight against it with every possible weapon: that will be the work which I shall undertake with the greatest eagerness if the Almighty grants me a safe and happy return."

And another:

"Death may be bitter but we can conquer it in advance, and then the object of it—the salvation of the Fatherland shines through all the blood and horror

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*(German Student's War Letters: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1929.)

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The Trend of Events

Tinkham's Testimony

REPRESENTATIVE George Holden Tinkham had a grand time as a witness before the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee. Mr. Tinkham's particular pet hatred is the church lobby and he vents his feelings on the subject with quite as much force as satisfaction. The Anti-Saloon League, he said, had flagrantly violated the Federal corrupt practices act. For eight years, from 1912 to 1920, he declared, the league failed to report its political expenditures; since then it has failed to report its expenditures in full. From 1883 to 1926, he said, the league, through its national and state organizations, had raised and spent $67,000,000.

The Commission on Temperance and Social Service of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, he charged, had been guilty of "coercive and offensive lobbying." As for the head of the commission—"This man Bishop Cannon is a lobbyist," said Mr. Tinkham, "and the Senate knows it, and the whole country knows it." As chairman of the anti-Smith committee of Virginia, Bishop Cannon reported a donation of $17,000 from E. C. Jameson of New York. Mr. Jameson, however, reported no contribution to this committee, though he did report one of $65,000 to Bishop Cannon. Mr. Tinkham wanted to know what Bishop Cannon did with the balance of $48,000, of which, apparently, no one has ever rendered an account. It was up to the lobby committee, he said, to dig out the facts.

Predominantly dry, the Senate lobby committeemen approached an investigation of militant dry organizations with lagging steps, but with Mr. Tinkham cheering them lustily on.

And Curran's

WHEN REPRESENTATIVE TINKHAM ceased striking blows at friends of prohibition, Henry H. Curran began striking them for its opponents. The lobby committeemen did their best to show Mr. Curran up, and, with his skilful assistance, ended by showing up themselves. Before he stepped off the stand the president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment gave his chief inquisitors, Senators Robinson and Caraway, a lesson in good manners, repartee, and parliamentary procedure.

By dint of careful listening, the committeemen learned what they already knew beforehand, namely, that the purpose of the association is the repeal of the 18th Amendment, that it seeks to assemble and publish facts about the workings of the dry laws, that it plugs with a will for certain wet candidates, that it is supported by voluntary contributions, and that the names of all those contributing more than $100 a year are filed with the clerk of the House as the corrupt practices act demands. Mr. Curran was not only a

Wide World

PLAGUE OF THE DRYS
George Holden Tinkham, aggressive Representative from Massachusetts

candid, but a willing witness, though he was often obliged to remind the committee that it strayed far outside its province.

Fear is a great irritant. The anger the dry committeemen showed toward Mr. Curran can doubtless be traced to their apprehension over the ever-growing anti-prohibition movement which he represents. That movement may carry some Congressmen and Senators into retirement this fall, and the committeemen know it. How, then, could they be happy while Mr. Curran testified that 10,000 persons contributed to his organization last year, that it now has a membership of 100,000 and that a thousand recruits are coming in every day? Or while he testified that his association might support the wet Mr. Lewis against the dry Mrs. McCormick in the Illinois election? Or while he predicted that the 18th Amendment might be repealed in five years? Or while a letter was read from Captain W. H. Stayton, of the association, expressing the opinion that "Mr. Hoover is beginning to doubt whether prohibition can be enforced?" To know that an aggressive organization is in the field working for wet candidates, to know that this organization is but one symbol of the revolt against prohibition—this is nothing comfortable for a Senator with a long dry record to know.

Machinery for Peace

TWO PASSAGES jutted up sharply in President Hoover's address before the D. A. R. In the first, the President favored American adherence to the World Court. Mrs. McCormick's victory in Illinois, implausibly ascribed to her opposition to the Court, has changed his attitude in no wise. The Court, he said, has been accepted by ninety per cent of the world's civilized people. It is established, and no other court is practicable. It has already settled a number of controversies, demonstrating the highest integrity and capacity. It does not entangle us in European diplomacy or limit our independence. Our adherence has been advocated by every President and Secretary of State since its inception.

The second upstanding passage was this: "The difficulties in the instance of the Chinese-Russian dispute show the clear need of some method of mobilization of public opinion against the violation of the Kellogg pact." Here is official recognition of the fact that the Kellogg treaty cracked open during the first attempt to apply it.

When, last year, the signatories of this war-renouncing treaty reminded Russia and China of their obligations under it, they were amply reassured by both. Both then went briskly ahead with their plans for warfare. When, later, Secretary Stimson again requested them to refrain or desist from fighting, Russia tartly invited the United States to mind its own business. But the pact failed not only as an appeal by, but as an appeal to, public opinion. Obviously, most people knew little and cared less about the rights and wrongs of the Sino-Russian controversy. Again,

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many of the governments which had signed the Kellogg pact were loath to add their voices to Secretary Stimson's.

Keystone

WET WITNESS
Henry H. Curran, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment

It has therefore been suggested that, whenever an international quarrel threatens, a board be appointed to inquire into the facts and submit a report, thereby giving public opinion something to crystallize upon. The dubious argument is that no nation would dare to provoke public opinion by going to war before the board had reported, and that the nation in the wrong would not dare to go to war thereafter.

Apparently there has been some discussion of this proposal between France and America. Mr. Hoover's address indicates there may soon be more. For the present it is sufficient to say that the proposal leaves us cold. As a piece of machinery for preserving the peace, the Kellogg pact is, and is likely to remain, incomparably less important than the World Court. It is up to us to strengthen this highly promising tribunal by our own adherence.

▶▶*A Bad Appointment*

Negroes in northern and southern states are up in arms against Mr. Hoover's appointment of Judge John J. Parker to the United States Supreme Court. So, too, are labor leaders. A formidable group of Republican Senators has therefore been caught between the Scylla of opposing the President and the Charybdis of inciting labor-racial wrath in the fall elections. Negroes declare that Judge Parker displayed prejudice against their race and attempted to discourage Negro voting when he sought the Governorship of South Carolina. Labor leaders recall that he upheld a "yellow dog" contract to the disadvantage of West Virginia coal miners. In a "yellow dog" contract employees promise an employer that they will not join a union while remaining in his service.

Examine the second objection. As Attorney General Mitchell declares: "To refuse to confirm the nomination of Judge Parker for his decision in the Red Jacket Coal Company case will amount to refusing to confirm him because he followed and gave binding effect to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States." The question is not whether the Supreme Court was right or wrong, but whether Judge Parker was dealing with points which had been settled by the Supreme Court, and which, Mr. Mitchell points out, "he was bound, under his oath of office, to follow." Obviously he was dealing with such points, obviously he was so bound, and that ends it.

As for the Negro question, one might recall the southern custom whereby Democrats at election time recall the terrors of Reconstruction and suggest that a Republican victory would place the Negroes in power again. When North Carolina Democrats "hollered nigger"—the familiar manoeuvre has a descriptive label—in 1920, Parker answered: "I say deliberately there is no more dangerous or contemptible enemy of the state than the man who, for personal or political advantage, will attempt to kindle the flame of racial prejudice or hatred." We are not certain what else he may have said, but we do know that later, while on the bench, he heard a case involving Negro rights, decided against racial segregation and showed that he was by no means biased.

Nevertheless, President Hoover blundered in making this nomination. Judge Parker's judicial experience covers less than sixty months; his fame is merely county-wide; his abilities, even if latent, are as yet untested and unrecognized. Doubtless the President sought to consolidate his election gains in the South, but even within the limits of political expediency it should have been easy to find a more suitable judge for the United States Supreme Court. Plainly this is a poor appointment to a court that, despite its recent illiberal trend, is still our most dignified and able institution.

▶▶*Snowden's Budget*

Out of the red leather case which Chancellors of the Exchequer have carried to Parliament since Gladstone's time, Philip Snowden pulled a budget setting every taxpayer in Britain at gloomy calculations. Facing a sizeable deficit, obliged to raise a total of about $4,000,000,000, Mr. Snowden with forthright honesty marked up the rates.

Estate or death taxes are boosted on all fortunes above $600,000; the maximum rate jumps from 40 to 50 per cent. The new supertax rate begins at 25, instead of 18, cents on every $5 of income beyond $10,000; on incomes of more than $100,000 it is $1.75 on every $5. Though it will not affect more than a quarter of the taxpayers, the so-called

Underwood

SUBMITS BUDGET
Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer in British Labor Government

standard rate increases 12 cents on every $5, to $1.12. A childless married man with an earned income of $5,000

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would pay the comparatively whopping sum of $528. Yet in contrasting these with American figures remember that the government at London raises four-fifths of all taxes collected in Britain, while the Government at Washington raises only about a third of all taxes collected in the United States.

Only one tax was abandoned—the unproductive, unpopular impost on betting—and only one new tax was proposed, that on beer. This tax, it is promised, will not be passed on to the consumer. Had he dared, Mr. Snowden would have eliminated the tariffs on imported manufactured articles, many of which come from the United States. These offend his convictions as a free trader. He suffers them temporarily only because of the revenue they bring in, and plans to get rid of them eventually.

Despite rates reminiscent of War-time, the British public seems to have accepted Mr. Snowden's budget more or less resignedly. The explanation that he is obliged to wipe out a deficit of some $80,000,000 caused by Mr. Churchill's fantastic finance is little disputed. The charge that Labor is taxing England to experiment in socialism is generally discounted. The dole is not solely the policy of Labor; it was continued during the tenure of the Conservatives. Protests have come only from left-wing Laborites, who complain that the surtaxes are still too low, and from right-wing Conservatives, alarmed lest the rates deprive ailing industry of capital.

Lloyd George's Liberals, satisfied with a promise that land taxes will be imposed as soon as possible, are supporting the budget wholeheartedly. The Chancellor's scrappy refusal to provide funds for a general election this year seems, therefore, not unjustified. Mr. Snowden, hero of The Hague, again appears to have prolonged the Labor Government's life.

▶▶*"Batteries Today . . ."*

THEY'VE STARTED AGAIN—sixteen newly-uniformed clubs, batting away on another long grind; forty million Americans, whooping from grandstands and breakfast tables; peanut and pop salesmen in regiments and armies. The Athletics and the Cubs, champions in 1929, are already winning handily; the Giants are showing their long-famed fighting hearts to John McGraw; the Brooklyn fans are hissing their umpires.

They started again with the customary playing of bands, falling of snowflakes, and tossing of first balls by mayors and ward leaders. In Washington, President Hoover sent the first ball rolling past the umpire, a Red Sox chased it down, the Senators on the diamond warmed up, the Senators in the grandstand settled back, and Cabinet officers, Representatives and lesser lights munched their peanuts. Mr. Hoover borrowed a pencil from Secretary Mellon and stayed eight innings.

There was drama for those who like more than statistics. Babe Ruth was robbed of a home run when his long fly

Underwood

AT IT AGAIN
George Herman Ruth, in a not-unfamiliar pose

struck an amplifier. Al Simmons, a hold-out even as Shibe Park filled, rushed in as he buttoned his shirt, and drove one over the fence his first time up. Hornsby-Wilson-Curley-Stephenson got thirteen bases on their first full working day. A Detroit rookie pitcher won his first game . . . Drama for bankers who had arranged heavy afternoon conferences, for machinists out of the shop with bad colds, even for the proverbial office boy with the dear-departed grandmother.

And there was pathos, too, for those who knew baseball when. There was no Miller Huggins leading the Yanks, no Ty Cobb with the Tigers, no Chance, no Snodgrass, no Chief Bender and no Waddell. Walter Johnson handed the ball back to the President, and did not pitch. George Sisler stayed on the sidelines with the Braves. Tris Speaker merely wished McGraw good luck. Joe Tinker mourned in a box with Colonel Ruppert.

But from Boston town to old Saint Lou the 208,000 in attendance on the first day were all a bit happier than they had been the day before. All fans rejoiced, all save those by the shores of Lake Erie, where rain fell and Indians and White Sox played poker in their dug-outs.

▶▶*Desperate Reasoning*

DESPERATE DRYS, having failed to prove that the *Literary Digest* prohibition poll misrepresents public sentiment, now strive to prove that it represents a triumph for prohibition. Grudgingly they admit a plurality for repeal of the 18th Amendment. But they hold that votes for modification of the Volstead law to permit light wines and beers are really votes against repeal of the amendment, and therefore belong in the dry column, like votes for strict enforcement. In other words, a man who votes for wine and beer is a prohibitionist, i.e., black is white and words have lost their meaning.

Let us, however, grant that this amazing argument is reasonable. Let us grant that the vote for modification should be lumped with the vote for enforcement. It follows that the drys demand the modification of the Volstead law to permit light wines and beer. You see, the modification vote is larger than the enforcement vote; hence, a majority of the drys favor modification; hence, modification should be the prevailing dry policy. Now the wets, as a first step, also favor modification. At long last, therefore, wets and drys agree. We, as a wet, call on all drys who believe the *Digest's* enforcement and modification votes should be lumped to join us in asking Congress to modify the Volstead law.

But a truce to these acrobatics. The vote for beer belongs, of course, in the wet column with the vote for repeal; the wets in this poll outnumber the drys by more than two to one. At least one well-known prohibitionist, William Allen White, frankly admits it. Drys numbered but a fourth of the *Digest* total when Mr. White wrote: "We may represent only one-fourth of the total

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population, but we know what we want and how to get it . . . So here's to the brainy minority dictatorship—the real governing classes—and long may they wave!" If the wets do not accept this challenge, if they do not prove that they, too, know what they want and how to get it—if they do not go to the polls, vote for wet candidates, and vote against dry candidates—they will simply demonstrate that Mr. White is not only irritating but absolutely sound.

▶▶Southern Sidestepping

SIXTY YEARS AGO the Fifteenth Amendment was rammed down the throat of southern whites. Ever since, they have been devising schemes to evade its proscription against denying voting rights "on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." The 1930 model comes from Arkansas.

Threats, horse-whippings, barn-burnings, and occasional lynchings kept the Negroes from the polls until the nineties. Eventually, mild-mannered southerners tired of these strenuous processes, and in 1890 Mississippi led the way to legal disfranchisement, demanding that every voter be able to read and "give a satisfactory interpretation" of its Constitution. Negro interpretations were seldom "satisfactory" to white election officials.

Eight years later the United States Supreme Court ruled that this law was not unconstitutional per se and that how it was administered was beyond judicial province. Other southern states followed Mississippi's lead, with variations — property requirements, long residence in the voting district, payment of poll taxes for a number of years. White men circumvented these regulations through "grandfather clauses" permitting any man to vote whose ancestors were qualified to vote before the day of Negro suffrage. It was some time before the Supreme Court at Washington held such clauses unconstitutional.

Of recent years there has developed the problem of keeping white not only the elections but the primaries, Democratic primaries being the real elections in most of the South. A law barring Negroes from Democratic primaries was therefore passed by the Texas Legislature. The United States Supreme Court called it unconstitutional. The Legislature thereupon empowered the Democratic State Committee to make its own qualifications, and the unconstitutional law was rewritten as a party resolution.

This was upheld in the midst of the 1928 campaign by the United States District Court at Houston. The intimation was that a political party might fix the qualifications of its members as it wished. Hence Arkansas Democrats passed essentially similar anti-Negro resolutions, and the Supreme Court of the Wonder State some days ago told Negroes that they had no recourse. The spirit of nullification still dwells in the South, despite southern drys who love to imply that it lives exclusively in the North.

▶▶Battleships Passing

IN ITS ISSUE OF January 22, the Outlook said:

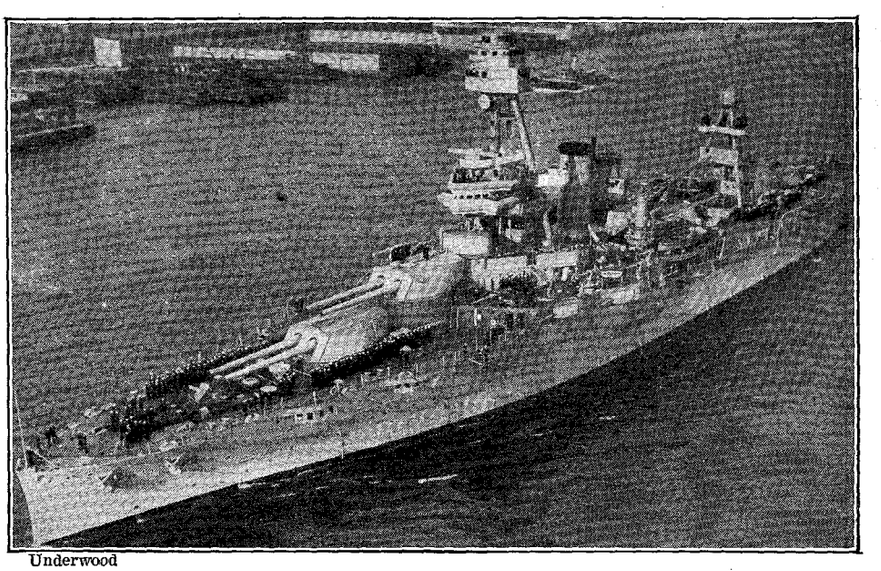
> The real object of this conference is not to limit battleships, but to limit and reduce auxiliary ships. It is well to bear this in mind. Should the conference fail in its real purpose, unjustified stress might be laid on any agreement reached on battleships. After the publicity the disarmament project has received, such an attempt at face-saving would be quite as natural as it would be unconvincing and futile.

It seems we predicted better than we knew. The London conference did fail to write a five-power treaty for the limitation and reduction of cruisers, submarines and other auxiliary ships unaffected by the Washington Conference of 1922. Unjustified stress is, therefore, being laid, first, on the holiday in battleship building which has been declared for six years, and, secondly, on the agreement by Britain, Japan and America to reduce their battleships by nine.

No one had doubted that the five powers could quickly come to terms on battleships, which are not only comparatively inefficient, but also extremely expensive. Indeed, had not the United States been disproportionately weak in cruisers, the London conferees might have declared for the battleship's eventual abolition. The American position is that battleships may not be good for much, but that, while this country is building up to Britain's cruiser standard, they are better than nothing.

As a matter of fact, not a single battleship has been laid down since the Washington Conference. The London agreement provides that France and Italy, though otherwise pledged to a battleship holiday, may before 1936 construct the battleships which, under the Washington treaty, they could have built before 1930. Of this provision, however, neither is expected to avail itself.

Britain now has twenty capital ships, the United States eighteen, Japan ten, France nine and Italy four. Under the London treaty, Britain is to scrap four battleships, the United States two. Britain, Japan and the United States, moreover, are each to set aside one battleship as a training ship. This accounts for 230,000 of the 560,000 tons of fighting craft which Secretary Stimson chalks up as reduction. It is also



Underwood

BEAUTIFUL BUT DOOMED

The U. S. S. Texas; no more fighting craft of this type to be built for six years

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to battleships that the governments turn to show how much money has been saved at London. Secretary Stimson and Premier MacDonald point out that under the Washington treaty the United States and Britain were each to lay down ten and complete five battleships within the next six years, that they will not do so, and that they have therefore saved some $300,000,000 apiece. The catch here is that, though entitled to these vessels, the two countries probably would not have built them. It is more than likely that the world will never see another new 16-inch-gun, 35,000-ton battleship.

▸▸*Charming Envoys*

FOUR YOUNG and sightly Japanese girls, with their chaperon, have recently added color and festivity to spring days at the national capital. They have come to this country with picturesque kimonos, solemn faces, pretty speeches, and messages of thanks from officials in Tokio and Yokohama for American assistance during the great earthquake of 1923.

One glance at the charming quartet, mounted on square-toed wooden clogs and wearing their rich, state-occasion raiment, is enough to set any one thinking of blue skies and cherry blossoms exclusively. It is safe to say that the young envoys' stay in the United States will yield good-will by the barrelful. A second glance is sufficient to indicate that this event is something more than the introduction of beauty contest tactics into international relations. The trip was sponsored by a Japanese newspaper, to be sure, but it has been undertaken and carried out with dignity. The girls have intelligence and social training as well as good looks. All are students; one is the winner of an English essay prize contest; another was graduated at the head of her class at the Tokio Women's College.

If this does not sound a new note in diplomacy, it should. A certain amount of good-will-spreading, of acknowledging past favors and keeping the peace must go on all the time. Why not give it definitely into the hands of personable and cultured young ladies? Easier than erecting statues, safer than sending Lindbergh, more interesting than exchanging frock-coated dignitaries who are bound to come prepared to speak. And a very pleasant pastime for the young ladies.

Underwood

QUINTET FROM THE MIKADO
Japanese girls in the United States on mission of thanksgiving

▸▸*Reform on Broadway*

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO the New York Theatre League announced that it might be expected to produce a workable scheme for curbing ticket speculators and renewing public confidence in the box-office. It is now receiving congratulations. As the dawn of a new day of square-dealing and value-received streaks over Broadway, the gyp broker will, presumably, flee for his life. We shall see about that. At least, the infant scheme is fortunate in its godfather, ex-Governor Smith.

The League's plan is based upon a compact between producers and ticket brokers and is backed by a majority of both. "Forced buys" are to be abolished. Producers may not permit or compel brokers to buy up large long-time allotments of tickets, but will give them tickets on consignment only. Brokers, in turn, must be licensed and will be only on condition that they charge no more than a premium of 75 cents a ticket. A broker who violates the agreement will lose his license and thus find himself ticketless, as far as league producers are concerned.

Is it whitewash or is it real reform? The theatre-going public will spend the next six months scratching the surface to decide. Until then it reserves judgment. The plan, as outlined, cries aloud for strict policing of brokers, and with ex-Governor Smith on the board it seems likely that the police work will be forthcoming.

It is not sufficient, however, simply to assure the average theatre-goer that he will not be gouged. What he wants is to know that he can get good tickets at a reasonable price and that, if he takes the trouble to plan ahead he can get them at the box-office without being made to feel like a swindler and a lout. If, under the new plan, it develops that tickets are marked high and that good seats are obtainable only at the 75-cent premium, the average buyer will continue to take his family to the talkies.

Yet producers have something to gain by a bona fide reform and much to lose by a fake one. While the experiment is under way, let them have the benefit of the doubt. They promised a new régime and they have worked out and instituted one. It is quite possible that the proposed machinery will work for the protection of the public and that, if it does not, other and more satisfactory machinery will be substituted.

▸▸*Violent Non-Violence*

INDIA'S NON-VIOLENT campaign of civil disobedience soon became very violent indeed. In vain has Mahatma Gandhi pleaded for passive resistance. When his followers are hit, they hit back, as every one expected they would, though their act simply encourages the authorities to hit harder still.

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For the first week or so of the independence campaign only unimportant figures in the Nationalist movement were arrested and clapped into jail. Before the campaign got well under way, however, they were joined by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, president of the All-India Nationalist Congress, who is second in rank only to Gandhi himself. The riotous consequences of this move seemed to confirm Britain's wisdom in leaving Gandhi at liberty as long as possible. Deaths and serious casualties were soon reported from such centers as Calcutta and Karachi. Armed raiders descended on the river port of Chittagong, killing several men and looting the police armories.

Gandhi is sincerely convinced that resistance of this sort will not avail. His conviction was largely substantiated when, following the riot, the Chittagong area was promptly filled with troops, the first to be called out since the beginning of the campaign. Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, also resuscitated an old law in the State of Bengal permitting the arrest and imprisonment of any suspicious person without warrant or trial.

Violations of the salt laws now run into the thousands, arrests for this and other offenses into the hundreds. But Gandhi has other strings to his bow, including the resignation of village officers, the picketing of liquor and foreign cloth shops, and the refusal to pay land taxes. Reports from India indicate that his movement is gaining strength every day. If the governments at London and Delhi hope for the speedy collapse of the Nationalist campaign, they seem slated for disappointment.

▶▶*Chicago Problem, No. 1*

DELUGED WITH financial difficulties, Chicago must now find ways and means of completing expensive sewage disposal plants within the next nine years. For decades the city has dumped its refuse in the Chicago River, diverting water from Lake Michigan to carry it off. States other than Illinois bordering the Great Lakes have denounced this practice, declaring that the diversion so lowered the lake levels as to hamper navigation. Before his appointment as Chief Justice, the Supreme Court named Charles Evans Hughes to hear the states' complaints and Chicago's defense. In his first report, he recommended that suits brought by the states be dismissed. The Court ruled otherwise. The recommendations in his second report form the basis for the Court's ruling that Chicago is wronging the complaining states and must stop.

It must not only adhere to the Court's conditions; it must report to the Court semi-annually. Diversion is not to cease altogether, but from now on Chicago must regularly reduce the amount of diverted water until, in 1938, it amounts to only 1500 feet a second, instead of 8500 feet, as at present. Nine years is none too long a time in which to build sewage disposal plants sufficient for the city's needs.

Chicago holds but a single hope. The drainage canal is part of the Great Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway advocated by states in the Mississippi Valley. Not long ago a congressional committee favored deepening the canal for purposes of navigation. An increased flow for boats would mean an increased flow for sewage as well. If the Government would improve the canal for navigation, thereby making it suitable for sewage also, Chicago's interest in inland waterways would doubtless chirk up.

Remarkable Remarks

The French and Italian Governments have shown the utmost good will in this conference in the endeavor, in the interest of world peace, to support the present solution just as far as they could do so.—HERBERT HOOVER.

The uniformed forces of the United States have never occasioned or precipitated a war.—DR. JASON N. PIERCE.

There is no more justification for being a chaplain in the Army or Navy than there is for being a chaplain in a speakeasy.—REV. PETER AINSLIE.

So long as the human appetite for stimulants on one side and for money on the other remain what they are, there are likely to be some violations of the prohibition law.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

It is a one hundred per cent certainty that Mr. Coolidge will make no political mistakes.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

The Anti-Saloon League never contributed one cent to my campaign.—ANDREW J. VOLSTEAD.

Love affairs are bitterly anxious matters.—KATHLEEN NORRIS.

The one and only perfect husband in the world is the one we didn't marry.—DOROTHY DIX.

▶▶*Chicago Problem, No. 2*

NEWSPAPER REPORTS of gang manoeuvres tend to contradict Chicago's recent efforts to prove itself a maligned city, sound at heart. These reports indicate that a merger has been effected between the Capone and Moran gangs and that they may now be expected to operate in harmony, under Capone's competent leadership. The objects of the merger, apparently, are less inter-gang gunning and more concerted graft.

Such a movement would, unquestionably, make for greater efficiency. Amalgamating under one leader the most important racketeers of the city, it could discourage and, if necessary, easily crush competition. And competition, in this case, is most undesirable, since it means that numbers of able gangsters are certain to be cut off at the zenith of their usefulness by machine-guns, pineapples, sawed-off shotguns or what not. Moreover, with the city districted and the liquor, gambling and vice privileges apportioned equally among factions, gang leaders will have their minds free for levying tribute in other fields. To big business the value of the merger is axiomatic. It seems not unlikely that before long not only the Moran, but the O'Donnell and Sheldon gangs will fall in under the Capone leadership and the racketeering business in Chicago will present a united front.

But why should such merging confine itself to Chicago? All major gang enterprises throughout the country might profitably unite under a central leadership for increased power and profit in liquor and allied interests. What more whole-hearted and concentrated support could prohibitionists ask than that which they will receive from the united Chicago gangs or that which they would receive from the United Gangsters of America, Incorporated?

▶▶*In Brief*

FOURTEEN AND THREE-QUARTERS hours from coast to coast. Lindbergh retains his peculiar faculty for making exaggerated estimates of his ability transform themselves into gospel truth . . . Having returned from a vacation in Florida, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., took to distributing nickels instead of dimes, and who, having returned from a vacation in Florida, will blame him? . . . We gather from Senator Robinson's radio address that he considers the naval treaty not all it's cracked up to be, and

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yet a good deal better than nothing. It is a persuasive opinion, quite making up in accuracy what it lacks in warmth. . . . George W. Wickersham naturally refuses to express any opinion on the desirability of modifying the 18th Amendment. One could hardly expect the chairman of a commission which has been investigating the workings of the amendment for months to express any opinion on it. . . . The Daughters of the American Revolution "do not feel that the time has come for us to scrap our ships and render ourselves defenseless as a nation." Not for a moment would one question the good ladies' intelligence or patriotism, but how is it that they so belatedly announce what most of us had taken for granted all along?

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOT IN MANY YEARS have we seen such organized political cowardice as regular Republican members of the Senate have shown with regard to the nomination of Judge John J. Parker to be a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. With the merits of the case or the candidate we do not profess to speak *ex cathedra*. There is, of course, no doubt that he upheld the validity of the so-called "yellow dog" contract insofar as it applied to the Red Jacket strike, but we find many who agree with his own contention that he was simply giving effect to the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Hitchman case. Indeed, if there is any fault to be found in this particular matter, we share the view of Senator Borah that officials of the American Federation of Labor have much to answer for. In view of the importance of the "yellow dog" relationship in the industrial world, Mr. Borah cannot understand why the best minds of the federation have not pressed the contract's legality to a real test. If the Red Jacket decision is an indictment of Judge Parker, it is also an indictment of labor's leaders. As Mr. Borah said after his subcommittee had listened to William A. Green's complaint against the nominee, and the Senator had developed the labor lords' delinquency, "they looked mighty sheepish."

The strangest and most significant feature of the protest against Judge Parker is that labor's voice has fallen on deaf ears. For all the effect Mr. Green's criticism is having, he might never have made it. It is the resentment of the colored race against Parker's remarks anent their unreadiness to bear the burdens and responsibilities of the ballot which led goose-step Republicans to get out of line with their President. Mr. Green and his associates put on the big show at the subcommittee's hearing, it is true. The newspaper correspondents, we understand, sent thousands of words concerning their attack upon the candidate's labor record, and the headlines were hogged by the labor leaders. In fact, when Walter White submitted the complaint of the Association for the Advancement of the Negro Race, it is our understanding that the reporters sent merely a paragraph about this development, and seized the opportunity to sit back for a restful puff at their cigarettes. Even the grim Mr. Borah paid little heed to this protest, and dared a smile when Mr. White mentioned Clarence Darrow, the Senator's ancient legal foe, as a director of the association. Senator Overman, Parker's defender, was so ignorant of the colored organization's history that he had to ask for the names of its supporters and the purpose for which it had been founded. We mention these trivialities simply to contrast the perspective as it was then and as it is now. Mr. Hoover, correspondents and Senators recognized the headline value of labor's attitude, but showed no disposition to fear or favor it. Nobody attached any importance to the complaint of the spokesman for the colored race, who were classed both by the committee and the correspondents as "among those present."

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Mr. Hoover's Supreme Court record to date

Within a few days, however, letters from Negro constituents began to reach the Senate Office Building by the mail sack, and the parade of Senators moved out from Capitol Hill to the White House. To be more correct, and also to reveal the timidity of the toga troopers, we should say that they first entrusted their mission to Vice-President Curtis, since none of the rebels seemed able to muster sufficient spunk to face the President in person. They delegated poor "Charlie" to represent them, we hear, thereby cooking his goose for 1932, in our opinion, by getting him in bad with his boss.

Since then conditions approximating a political panic have prevailed on the Senate side of the Capitol. Republicans who braved public scorn and condemnation to defend the Administration during the Teapot Dome, the Daugherty, the slush fund and Veterans' Bureau scandals have shaken their heads over Mr. Hoover's early neglect of their requests that he withdraw the nomination. Judge Parker's own sponsors, Senators Goff and Hatfield of West Virginia, have virtually, though not publicly, repudiated their indorsement. "Jim" Watson, Mr. Hoover's official representative in the Senate, is credited with the complaint that "the President has put us in a hole—again."

There may be some basis for this epidemic among the statesmen. We hear that Leader Watson, despite his heroic efforts on behalf of the nominee, has grown hoarse from dissertations to the effect that, were the Negroes to desert the Republican party over the Parker nomination, the Democrats would carry the sovereign State of Indiana as well as the nation. The funniest part of it all is that "Jim" alone knows that the colored people no more vote by bloc than working men or ex-soldiers or ex-Senators do.—A. F. C.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Another Young Plan?

THIS was to have been the week for denying the word "merger" admission to this page. It simply can't be done. Along came General Electric and Westinghouse with their plan for joint control of Radio Corporation of America through ownership of 51.3% of the voting power. This is big news, even without the gratuitous fillip given it by Senator Dill's charge that Owen D. Young is attempting to hatch out a world-wide radio trust.

The motion of the gentleman from Washington is warmly seconded by the Radio Protective Association, which is yelling lustily for immediate prosecution of "this six billion dollar monopoly," and charging also that the plan is a direct challenge to the Federal Radio Commission. The Department of Justice is investigating the application for consolidation, and it seems likely that the party will be well attended and a good time will be had by all.

Meanwhile the epidemic of acute mergeritis continues in all parts of the country. The Bethlehem-Youngstown affair is now in the proxy fight stage. Standard Oil (New York) and Vacuum are struggling with the Government suit, filed March 24. Phelps Dodge, Calumet & Arizona and possibly the Nichols interests will figure in a new copper combination. Everybody's doing it now,—western utilities, Canadian steel companies, southern gas concerns, and even Illinois colleges. To merge or be submerged, that is the question.

White Collar Unemployment

PLACEMENT BUREAUS and employment agencies which specialize in filling jobs in the higher salary grades are having a tough time just now. They are swamped with applicants and listing very few vacancies. Agencies in the larger cities report from three to five times as many applications as were being received at this time last year.

Liquidations and mergers, particularly in the banking field, account for many of these cases, but retrenchment on the part of banks and commercial concerns is probably a more important factor. Enterprises just able to keep their heads above water have made drastic cuts in the number of persons employed, and in some cases in the salaries of employees who were retained. One agency reported the case of a junior executive, receiving $15,000 a year, who was told that he could stay on condition that he accept a cut to $3,500.

Most of the sympathy in connection with unemployment goes to industrial workers, and that is doubtless logical and fair. But it is an open question whether these really suffer as acutely as the white collar workers, who have no union fund to draw on and who feel that they can apply to a charity organization only as a last line of defense against illness or starvation.

INDICES

(*A two-minute summary*)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) April 19—90.7. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) April 19—83.2.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended April 5—907,928 cars (increase of 22,769 over preceding week; reduction of 48,436 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended April 12—76% of capacity (increase of 1% over preceding week; reduction of 20% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended April 12—daily average gross 2,561,150 barrels (increase of 30,700 over preceding week; reduction of 53,900 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended April 12—633,000 bushels (reduction of 568,000 under preceding week and of 506,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended April 17—$11,615,634,000 (increase of 2.5% over preceding week; reduction of 7.3% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended April 17—491 (reduction of 3 under preceding week; increase of 3 over same week of 1929).

Vagaries of Business

TO SOME PEOPLE business comes close to being a religion. They take it very seriously and resent its being spoofed at any time or in any degree. But there are others, and apparently plenty of them, who like an occasional grain of spice in what they read in business topics. For these it seems worth while to report, from time to time, such out-of-the-ordinary freaks and whimsicalities as:

1. That luncheon served by the New York Edison Company to 90 men inside a new boiler at the company's East River Station.

2. Those Detroit club women who are going to revive prosperity by spending, as soon as possible, all the money their husbands have saved.

3. That crooked adding machine, uncovered by the California State Department of Weights and Measures. It has a "silent key," so that amounts punched on the machine will show in the total but will not be itemized.

4. That slump in potato sales in England, attributed to the "slim-figure craze" now inhibiting the diet of English maids and matrons.

5. That huge sign, "Laughter Undertaking Company," which you see from the train as you pass through Abilene, Texas.

6. That proud young wife in St. Louis who was asked by a neighbor whether her husband was prospering in business, and replied, "I'll tell the world he is. He has been taking in so much money that they have had to appoint a receiver to assist him."

The Compleat Thinker

WHAT DO WE DO when we think? What should be done to improve our thinking? These are the questions H. G. Schnackel answers for the business man in *The Art of Business Thinking* (Wiley $2.50). That he gives his answers in direct, untechnical language is greatly to his credit, and also a godsend to the T. B. M.

Attention, imagination, memory, habit, reasoning,—these are terms which the executive generally thinks of, if he thinks of them at all, as reposing in a book on psychology rather than belonging to his own personal experience and equipment. Mr. Schnackel takes them out of the book and gives them reality, force and value.

The mind of the executive, he says, is a manufacturing plant, whose raw materials are sensations, ideas, percepts and concepts; its finished product—decisions. The executive must know his own physiological equipment if his mental plant is to be properly coordinated. To master his habits he must know the laws of habit formation. Before he can analyze his own perceptive processes he must know the laws of perception. And so it is with memory, imagination and logical reasoning. Good psychology, this, and doubly welcome for being readable.

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▶▶ Why I Am a Wet ◀◀

A Candidate for Governor Speaks

By T. W. PHILLIPS, JR.

Believing the saloon a social evil, Mr. Phillips once contributed to the Anti-Saloon League. Now he is candidate of the wets for the Republican Gubernatorial nomination in Pennsylvania. He was a member of Congress from 1923 to 1927

IT WOULD BE foolish indeed for any but psychoanalysts to attempt to fathom the mental processes of a typical prohibitionist, and therefore I must confine myself to a study of prohibition; a study stimulated by some interesting political experiences and personal contact with their leaders. I hold no brief for the professional politician, yet one of the minor purposes of this article is to explain the timidity of the office-seeker in keeping a respectable distance from the prohibition hornets' nest. I am not familiar with the anatomy of the hornet, but I have learned from experience that the female of the prohibition species has a sting no less deadly than the male.

Early in the year 1922 I announced my candidacy for the Republican nomination for Congress from the 26th Pennsylvania district. Incidentally, the three counties composing my district, together with one other county, had been represented in a most satisfactory manner by my father some thirty years before. Almost before I had read my own announcement the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., and delegates purporting to represent ministerial associations demanded that I state definitely and irrevocably how I would vote on what since has become the great and far reaching ignoble experiment. These people became more persistent when I tried to explain to them that a Congressman was intended to be a representative, not a delegate; that the framers of the Constitution imposed one and only one duty upon the electorate, which duty was to select as their representatives men of sufficient ability, integrity and independence to deal properly with intricate problems of state. Our wise forefathers assumed rightly that study, contact and experience on the part of representatives would insure more sensible laws and a more stable government than would be possible if a majority of the voters were to select mere manikins delegated to carry out the prevailing emotions which had become momentarily popular. If representatives fail to produce satisfactory results, it is not for the electors to change our form of Government, but rather to discharge their public servants and try to select wiser representatives.

When I told self-constituted censorial committees that I was as much opposed as they to the rule and ruin of rum and had even contributed to the Anti-Saloon League (this, however, was before it had shown its horns and cloven hoof), I was told by a minister that they were not concerned with what I then was or had been, but only with what promises I would make. In those days, now happily passing, to question the sanctity of the Eighteenth Amendment was comparable to laying profane hands on the Ark of the Covenant, and to cast the slightest reflection on the wisdom of the Volstead law was shocking to preachers of prohibition, even as hesitation to ascribe all authority to the prophet of Allah is shocking to the faithful. The final parting of the ways came when I said that the Eighteenth Amendment had been adopted and the Volstead law enacted, but in view of their drastic nature no one could foretell the reaction of our cosmopolitan population.

If they were humbly accepted, peacefully obeyed and generally observed, nothing more need be said or done, as one of the great problems of the ages would have been solved. If, however, they proved irritating to a large proportion of the people and were disobeyed, if they failed to produce the results desired and anticipated, then it was not for me any more than for those responsible for prohibition to state what could or should be done. Under no circumstance would I make a promise that would prevent me from voting in accordance with my best judgment in the light of future events.

My experience with certain praying parsons during that campaign made it possible for me, although a Yale man, to sympathize with Harvard's viewpoint some decades ago when bitter complaint was registered because a famous captain or coach of the Yale football team was reported to stage prayer meetings immediately before the kick-off. Harvard thought that Yale was sufficiently formidable alone without aid from On High. The Bible is not a prohibition book, and did those preachers use prayer to bring pressure to bear on the Almighty, or was it a cheap and contemptible way of playing on the credulity of their more ignorant parishioners? I wonder. The small plurality I received in both the primary and election was not as disappointing to me as the small number of qualified electors that condescended to vote at all. This leads me to the conclusion that the people who are strenuously in favor of prohibition are greatly in the minority. All of which seems to indicate that once the people are aroused from their state of lethargy the Eighteenth Amendment can be stricken from the Constitution and the way prepared for a reasonable method of handling this perplexing question.

OUR COUNTRY is divided between the organized bone drys and the unorganized and, therefore, bonehead wets. Informative referenda in states as widely separated as Massachusetts, Maryland and Montana indicate that the former are in the minority; but their zeal, coercive tactics and success in commandeering and perverting religious organizations have enabled them to dictate laws and prescribe methods of enforcement that override our constitutional guarantees and trample underfoot our traditional liberties.

The unparalleled success of the prohibitionists in extending their will over the body politic and into the private homes and personal habits of the people can be understood by considering:

First, the treachery of legislators, executives and judges, whose peculiar duty it is to preserve inviolate for this and future generations the blessings of liberty which the Founding Fathers vouchsafed to us by establishing a representative republic with a written constitution guaranteeing its citizens freedom from governmental excesses and abuses. These trustees of our priceless heritage have for years been bartering

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away our political birthrights for their own political preferment.

Second, the apathy of the legal profession when the Constitution was being assaulted and in dire need of defenders and champions. The Constitution was designed and intended to place restrictions upon the Government, not upon its citizens; to guarantee rights, not deny them. The Eighteenth Amendment vitiates the Constitution by doing violence to its primary purpose, thereby sounding the one note of discord in an otherwise consistent and comprehensive document.

Third, the methods employed by prohibitionists and paid professional reformers, whose standard is not one whit higher than that of the warring religious factions hundreds of years ago, who acted on the theory—"The end justifies the means." These methods are known of all men, some having been shamelessly and boastfully admitted by their perpetrators.

Fourth, the peremptory demands of great numbers of ministers of the Gospel for legislation designed to make men moral by law, resulting only in an orgy of crime and vice. The nature and severity of these laws reflect upon the conduct of the very Author of their religion, for they would relegate Him to the category of criminals and place His liberty in jeopardy were He today sojourning among the children of men.

Were Jesus now living in Christian America and refused to reform and conform to our silly and sumptuary laws, but supplied *good* wine for a wedding feast (John 2:10), His punishment, unless an undemocratic exception were made in His particular case, according to the penalty suggested for liquor law violators by one female of the human species, should consist of His being suspended by the tongue beneath an aeroplane and carried over the United States. It might be suspected that this woman is a member of some Unwomanly, Un-Christian, Intemperate Union which too often presumes to speak for the sober, sensible womanhood of America and also for great Christian churches. Churches must, no doubt, continue to serve as asylums for those suffering from functional nervous disorders, mental aberrations and evangelistic delirium. But the rational and conservative members of the Protestant churches, those on whom the future success of Protestantism depends, should take care lest their churches and their religion be made foolish by the mentally subnormal and by the evangelistic mountebanks. Both of these groups seek to use the political machinery of the churches to place mankind in a strait-jacket. The shed blood of hundreds of millions bears mute testimony to the fact that nothing is more dangerous to human life and happiness than religion dominated by zealots. Ravages of liquor are as nothing compared with ravages of religion run riot.

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

The uncovered wagon

It cannot be denied that more people have become mentally unbalanced from an excess of religion than from an excess of alcohol. An overdose of religion, like an overdose of alcohol, is dangerous. Total prohibition is not the remedy for excessive indulgence in either case, but moderation in all things, including religion and liquor, would result in making the world safe for the individual, as well as making the individual safe for the world.

Not content with the failure of its noble experiment to prohibit the use of liquor, Russia is now attempting to prohibit the practice of religion. They can confiscate the property of churches, convents and seminaries, corresponding closely with our destruction of investments in breweries, wineries and distilleries. They can drive those who would observe religious ceremonies from public places into private homes and secret places just as we have done with liquor. But it requires no seer to predict that religion in some form will survive or be revived in Russia to serve countless generations yet unborn.

It has been said that "man is hopelessly religious," and as religion is universal and co-extensive with the human race, it is difficult to determine to what extent religion has helped or hindered its development. It will be conceded that with few exceptions those peoples who have embraced the Christian and Jewish religions, or have come directly under their influence, have achieved more than others, and it is, therefore, not unreasonable to assume that these religions have been a greater aid or less of a hindrance than other religions. It will also be conceded that the so-called Christian nations have been addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages. In any event, if the Koran and prohibition are right, the Bible is wrong. If Moses and Christ were right, then Mahomet and prohibition are wrong. For ten years the prohibitionists, with millions of money and the machinery of a powerful Government at their disposal, have failed to demonstrate that prohibition is right and the Bible and Christ wrong. The leaders of the churches in America should be advised by their friends on the inside that they are in no position to provoke an attack, nor, without setting their house in order, are they in condition to invite a searching analytical comparison or contrast between churchanity, which is now in vogue, and Christianity, which it has over-shadowed. Recently an Oriental savant said, "Call us Christ-like and we are honored, call us Christians and we are insulted."

THE HOLY BIBLE and the Divine Christ both repudiate prohibition and, therefore, both must be wrong if our prohibition churches and their preachers are right. Christ was temperate and tolerant. Prohibition is the essence of intemperance and intolerance. If two antagonistic substances cannot occupy the same place at the same time, then the churches cannot possess both the spirit of Christ and the spirit so generally manifested by many exponents of prohibition and leaders of the church. The two hundred twenty passages in the Old and New Testaments which contain the words "wine" or "strong drink" prove that while the Scriptures condemn the abuse,

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they on the whole commend the temperate use of alcoholic beverages.

By making the churches political dictators and pushing them into the miry bog of bigotry where they continue to wallow, prohibition has exhibited them to the world at their worst, and the immediate future will determine whether they are satisfied to sink deeper or will attempt to regain their former eminence. Can the churches descend from their high estate without depreciating their intangible and indefinable spiritual values? Has not all their gain in political power been more than off-set by loss of spiritual power? When they are shorn of the former, can they regain the latter? When people refuse longer to be driven by the clergy, will they ever again consent to be led by the clergy? Such a wave of atheism as engulfed France after the Revolution, and the recent nationalizing of atheism in Russia would not have been possible had the churches in the respective countries confined their activities to their proper sphere. Make no mistake. We have recently become a theocracy in fact if not in name, and probably nowhere else in all Christendom does the church select legislators, dictate laws, demand penalties and prescribe policies as do our Protestant churches.

THE INTERPRETATION of current history and predictions for the immediate future can be of real value if deductions are drawn from human actions and reactions under similar conditions in past history. Shadows of superstition disappear as the light of knowledge penetrates the dark chasms of hidden mysteries, and prejudices are softened as people become more accustomed to self-examination, but human nature changes slowly if at all.

It is not necessary for one to look far or talk much without perceiving that the people resent puritanical regulations. Unless history is a false guide they will surely succeed in their revolt against the church in politics, and we are probably already witnessing the incipient stage of a reaction similar to that which prevailed during the decline and downfall of Puritanism in England.

Green's *A Short History of the English People*, under the heading "May, 1660:"

"Puritanism, so men believed, had fallen never to rise again. As a political experiment it had ended in utter failure and disgust. As a religious system of national life it brought about the wildest outbreak of moral revolt that England has ever witnessed.

" . . . and in an instant the whole face of England was changed. All that was noblest and best in Puritanism was whirled away with its pettiness and its tyranny in the current of the nation's hate. Religion had been turned into political and social tyranny and it fell with their fall. Godliness became a by-word of scorn; sobriety in dress, in speech, in manners was flouted as a mark of the detested Puritanism.

"The attempt to secure spiritual results by material force had failed as it always fails. It broke down before the indifference and resentment of the great mass of the people, of men who were neither lawless nor enthusiasts, but who clung to the older traditions of social order, and whose humour and good sense revolted alike from the artificial conception of human life which Puritanism had formed and from its effort to force such a conception on a people by law. It broke down, too, before the corruption of the Puritans themselves. It was impossible to distinguish between the saint and the hypocrite as soon as godliness became profitable."

Macaulay in his essay on the "Dramatists of the Restoration" comments on the general vulgarity and sensuality of the dramas of this period, but then says, in effect, that after all these writings correctly represent the viciousness of the age:

"The virtue which the world wants is a healthful virtue, not a valetudinarian virtue, a virtue which can expose itself to the risks inseparable from all spirited exertion, not a virtue which keeps out of the common air for fear of infection . . .

"It must, indeed, be acknowledged, in justice to the writers of whom we have spoken thus severely, that they were to a great extent the creatures of their age. And if it be asked why that age encouraged immorality which no other age would have tolerated, we have no hesitation in answering that this great depravation of the national taste was the effect of the prevalence of Puritanism under the Commonwealth.

"To punish public outrages on morals and religion is unquestionably within the competence of rulers. But when a government, not content with requiring decency, requires sanctity, it oversteps the bounds which mark its proper functions. And it may be laid down as a universal rule that a government which attempts more than it ought will perform less.

"And so a government which, not content with repressing scandalous excesses, demands from its subjects fervent and austere piety, will soon discover that, while attempting to render an impossible service to the cause of virtue, it has in truth only promoted vice."

Conditions such as are herein portrayed may be expected to follow the debacle of prohibition and the church in politics, but should be faced in the full assurance that history is being repeated, and that they will be of short duration. When the day of reckoning comes the anti-prohibitionists may take comfort from the fact that upon those who are responsible for the measures and methods that have resulted in present conditions must rest the criticism of an awakened and outraged public sentiment.

IT IS NOT my purpose to attempt to reiterate all the evils that are inseparable from prohibition, but rather to direct the attention of those individuals and groups of individuals who are now convinced that prohibition is unenforceable, and know that it is both un-American, and un-Christian, to the necessity of a more aggressive and definite program and urge them to make amends for their past sins of omission and inaction. Wrongs do not right themselves. For instance, little can be accomplished by merely scolding Congressmen for not espousing a cause which would force them into expensive primary and election campaigns with the possibility of defeat at the hands of numerous well disciplined and well financed dry organizations. A humble though humiliating submission on their part to a super-government, protects them from the pin pricks of the poison whisperer, absolves them from the consequences of their errors and disabilities, renders them immune from any pulpit attack on their motives and morals and assures their reelection at a minimum of effort and expense. Congressmen who drink wet and vote dry, simply drink according to their own convictions and vote in obedience to the mandates of the aggressive dry organizations. They deserve no more criticism than their constituents, the majority of whom probably also drink wet and vote dry. A little independence in the privacy of their own homes or among congenial

(Please Turn to Page 716)

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The Backbone of Prosperity

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE AUTOMOBILE and building industries are now generally recognized as the backbone of the country's recent economic progress. Five million new motor vehicles every year mean not only busy factories at Detroit, but busy steel mills at Pittsburgh, the digging of more coal in the bituminous fields, the boring of new oil wells in the Southwest, and more and busier service stations all over the country. In like manner, six or seven billions' worth of new construction work each year means not only busy carpenters and brick masons, but busy lumber-yards and brick-yards and cement mills and glass-works and hardware factories.

What this country spends annually on new automobiles amounts to twice the value of its cotton crop. What it spends annually on construction work is four times the value of its output of hard and soft coal. If building operations were temporarily suspended and the automobile plants were to shut down, the United States would be ready for a national receivership.

Construction work and automobile production are not only closely related to the country's prosperity, but they are also closely related to each other. Consider, for example, the amount of building required to house the 26,000,000 motor cars now in operation, and the number of filling stations and repair shops which are needed to keep these swarming cars in motion. Even more important, as regards construction, are the new highways which must be built in order to provide a means of transit for our immense automotive equipment.

The automobile has made the American people road-minded. Before its advent surfaced roads, outside the corporate limits of municipalities, were few and far between. In 1904, while the motor industry was still in its swaddling clothes, the annual expenditure on rural highways in the United States amounted to only eighty cents per capita. By 1928 it had grown to nearly fourteen dollars per capita. Road-building received a new stimulus in 1921 when the Federal Government inaugurated a system of money grants to the States to aid them in their highway projects. Before that time most of the highway building was carried on under the direction of local authorities. The State and Federal Governments are now cooperating to make the highway systems national rather than local, and so the States have taken over from the counties and towns most of the work of road-building.

In 1921 expenditures by all government agencies for the construction of rural highways reached a billion dollars for the first time. In 1928, the last year for which full data are available, such expenditures reached the enormous total of $1,648,000,000. This means that about one dollar out of every four now spent on construction work of all kinds goes into improved roads. Expenditures for road-building have been increasing more rapidly in recent years than any other item in our State budgets. Occasionally this one item has exceeded all the others in the budget.

THIS new development has been of considerable importance to investors. The States have been floating many new bond issues, and approximately half of their funded indebtedness to-day is represented by highway bonds, all of which, of course, are tax-exempt. While the annual amount of such issues is large, the State debts are not increasing at the same rate. The bonds, very properly, are issued for short terms, as they should not remain outstanding beyond the life of the improvement, and a large proportion of them mature and are redeemed every year. Funds for paying the interest and principal of these issues are derived largely from the gasoline tax and the license tax on motor cars. Revenues from these sources in 1929 exceeded $700,000,000 and are sure to increase with the gains in gasoline consumption.

A fairer tax for road-building than that on gasoline would be hard to find. It compels the motorist to pay more for his gas, to be sure, but a gallon gives him many more miles on a paved highway than it would on an ordinary dirt road, and he can afford to pay the difference. Moreover, there is an additional saving in the diminished wear and tear on the car, not to mention the saving of time and the fewer worries of the driver.

In spite of this great increase in improved highway mileage, construction has not kept pace with the country's growing needs. The roads are more congested to-day than they were a decade ago. More roads and better roads have led to the buying of more cars, and the buying of more cars has increased the demand for more and better roads, and so the process has gone on in an ever-widening circle, with the supply of roads never catching up with the demand. The oft-predicted "saturation point" in the domestic demand for automobiles has not yet been reached, and even if it had been the saturation point in road-building would still be some distance off.

There are some 3,000,000 miles of roads in this country, of which sixty per cent still remains unimproved. Of the 1,200,000 miles classified as improved, only about eight per cent is hard-surfaced, while thirty-seven per cent is built with macadam or gravel, and the remaining fifty-five per cent (or 660,000 miles) is of sand and clay, improved by grading. The modernization of much of the unimproved mileage would be uneconomical, but it does not seem too visionary to assume that the present 100,000 miles of hard-surfaced roads will eventually be increased many-fold.

In spite, therefore, of the great progress of the past two decades, the country still has a long way to go before its needs for highways are fully satisfied. It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect of this development on our national economy. It has opened a new field of employment for both labor and capital. Road-building has absorbed much of the labor which has been displaced in our factories by the introduction of improved machinery; in other words, it has mitigated the effects of technological unemployment. Without this highway development Henry Ford would not be the richest man in the world to-day, and the profits which were made in the bull market by buyers of General Motors stock would never have materialized, even on paper.

In short, there is probably not a family in the United States which is not benefited in some way by the billion and a half dollars expended each year by public authority to enable the people to go somewhere. It has become rather fashionable of late to criticize the States for their growing expenditures, but the money they are pouring out for highways is paying good social dividends.

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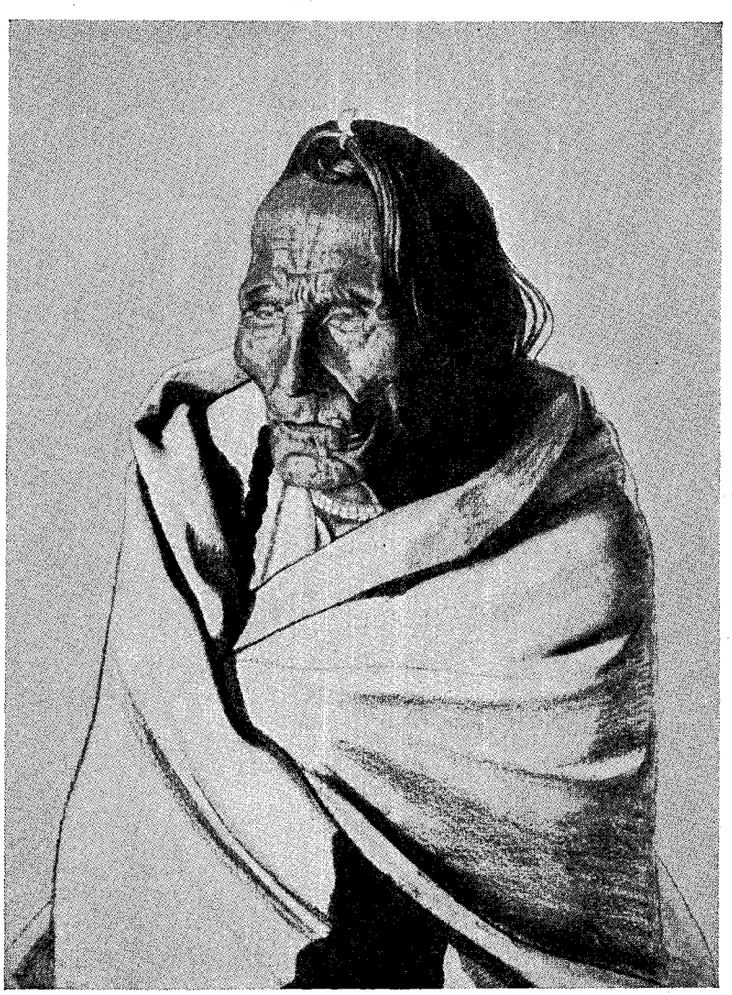
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Outrageous Fortune

THOSE WHO HAVE waited to read of the fortunes of Richard Mahony until the whole of Henry Handel Richardson's three volume novel was published are both wise and lucky. With the appearance of *The Way Home* (Norton $2.50), the middle volume, it is possible to follow Mahony's story from beginning to end, and to see how the end was inevitable from the beginning. For this magnificent novel is a study of character, and of one character. Henry Handel Richardson has created a world, as Dickens did, and Balzac and Dostoevskii, and she has centered it about one man. Every figure in it is a person, breathing and doing, but Mahony is a man as real to us as we are to ourselves. Outrageous fortune beset him. He is humanity wrestling with Fate. But primarily he is a man who made his own bed and had to lie in it. Or did God and his forefathers make the bed who endowed him with the artist's temperament and withheld the artist's gifts?

Richard Mahony was a gentleman and poor. He was radical minded (for his day), but a lover of the old order. Always he wanted to be rich and always he held himself above his fellows. Vociferously scornful of the opinions of others, no one cringed more abjectly before criticism than he. A word of dispraise from an inferior could drive him like a goad. In Australia, where he went for money and power, he married beneath him and got a wife whose price was above rubies. He loved her and was secretly ashamed of her. He was a fine doctor; but he wanted to rest upon his gentility. Money and position: the need for them harried him from place to place. It made him suspect every one of lacking in respect for his superiority. It made him leave a good practice in Australia to go home; and then to leave a good practice at home and go back for fear of being snubbed as a colonial. (He interpreted it as fear lest Mary be snubbed as vulgar.) There on that second journey to Australia, he found for a while one of the things he wanted, money. But suspicion was around him still. His children were born late in life; they were difficult; they loved their mother best. False friends betrayed him, death struck round him, debts crushed him, petty irritations chafed him. No one could see what a great man he was; and everybody whispered about him. There was nothing left at last but his wayward dreams become too terrible to bear, and his wife's love which never faltered. After Australia Felix, after the way home, he had reached Ultima Thule, the island of his longing. And there was a dark sea beyond it and a terrible continent of madness lying against the sunset.



WHITE WOLF
From "The Sun God's Children" by James Willard Schultz and Jessie Louise Donaldson (Houghton Mifflin)

Years before a knowledge of abnormal psychology had become part of an author's stock in trade, Henry Handel Richardson had probed the secret places of a man's mind and touched the hair-line that divides shining sanity and great achievement from madness and frustration. In her trilogy, there is nothing of contemporaneity, nothing that dates as of now. There is a graphic picture of Australian life with features which must still be true of that antipodal continent where just as you are looking for the first snow-fall, apricots and apples come to bloom. But these backgrounds, of England that was like a fenced-in garden and Australia that was like an unmarked heath, are only the actual scenes of an actual world against which a drama of life is played. There is no social criticism here, no propaganda, no mood, no fine writing. There is wisdom and pity and truth and the essence of art. For twenty years Henry Handel Richardson rested upon a *succes d' estime*, and was called an author's author. How strange then, that the characters in her novel should take on for us such reality, that her book should become not so much a novel as a history of friends whom we

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***Edited by* CHARLES F. ANDREWS**

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of the ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TOOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia.*

Fiction

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran—Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Farrar and Rinehart. An ingenious mystery story with a startling denouement. Reviewed April 2nd.

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder: A. & C. Boni. A lovely prose poem on the beauty of frustration. Reviewed February 26.

Uncle Sam, by John Erskine: Bobbs Merrill. A novelization of the American temperament. Reviewed April 23.

The Party Dress, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. A tawdry story of the amours of middle-age by an author from whom we have the right to ask better things. Reviewed April 16.

Non-Fiction

Byron, by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

Grandeur and Misery of Victory, by Georges Clemenceau: Harcourt, Brace. The last broadside of a great journalist-statesman. Reviewed April 23.

Mata Hari, by Thomas Coulson: Harper. Detailed account of the career of the notorious dancing spy.

The Story of San Michele, by Dr. Axel Munthe: Dutton. The absorbing and romantic autobiography of a famous doctor, an eccentric character and a great soul.

Is Sex Necessary? by James Thurber and E. B. White: Harper. Providing a catharsis of laughter.

Magazine Articles Recommended

Europe on Five Thousand a Day, by Frederick L. Collins, Pictorial Review, May.

Until a visitor to the Continent realizes that the "resorts" of Europe are to be considered as much of a "show" as any of the late Tex Rickard's prize-fights, he is likely to become a victim of what "is known throughout the pleasure world as 'the sucker trust'." The author explains where the greater part of the tourists' millions are spent and who pockets the profits.

Polygamous Women, by V. F. Calverton. Forum, May.

Necessarily with some generalizations, the writer—editor of the Modern Quarterly—attempts the difficult task of proving "that women are by nature no more monogamous than men, and no less polygamous." He intimates that the deciding factors are the present day social customs which are in part the result of women's economic independence.

Why Is Modern Youth Cynical? by Bertrand Russell. Harpers, May.

The distinguished English author of this article, a recent contributor to the Outlook, analyzes the cynicism of modern youth from the standpoint of Religion, Country, Progress, Beauty, and Truth. He does not believe that the young people of every nationality are similarly affected. The "problem" is to be met principally in the Western World and its solution lies in an appeal to the intelligence.

Alexander Legge Defends the Farm Board, Interview by Edwin Hill. Forbes, April 15.

Its Chairman declares that the fundamental purpose of the Federal Farm Board is to organize agriculture as other great industries are organized. This calls for the education of the farmer, who "knows a little better than any one else that industry has been giving him the short end of the stick." American business and the people at large should give the Farm Board plan a fair trial, and see "how the farmer responds and tries to help himself through co-operatives and scientifically worked out producing and marketing plans."

loved and over whose fate we brood and grieve. To those who read the end of the tale before the beginning, this reality became, as they read backwards, pain. They wanted to fend off that end, to warn those friends, to take the part of Richard and Mary Mahony against their pitiful but inexorable historian.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

"YOUTH IN HELL" by Albert Bein (Cape and Smith $2.50) is a record, presumably drawn from the author's experience, of life in a southwestern reform school for boys. A true story, it is shaped into a powerful, dramatic narrative by the instinct which forces the literary artist to make his life into a novel, to turn his agonies into words. Every one knows of the stupidity and brutality of the reformatory system and that the reform schools graduate criminals. But it takes a good deal of imagination to picture the actual life in a reformatory and the processes whereby the inmates are ground down from terrified revolt through hopelessness to a truculent acceptance of bestiality. Mr. Bein's picture of this awful version of Dotheboys Hall gives all the details of that life and those processes. He is too intelligent to make his reformatory a luridly exaggerated hell. Perhaps it really was not without its points of light to intensify the shadows. The superintendent who greets the forlorn little Jewish boy on his midnight arrival is tender-hearted and well-meaning. But he turns out to be a drunkard and a weakling without authority. The women teachers and helpers shade from not so bad to very decent. The superintendent's children, on their daily visits, instead of rousing a natural envy in the unhappy boys, give them an opportunity for comforting adoration. But the male helpers are unspeakable. Mr. Bein spares us no details. And the living conditions are destructive of all sense of humanity. For sheer horror, no incident in the book exceeds the matter of fact account of "Train Hater" (the boys, pitifully enough, give each other nicknames) a small boy whose parents were killed at a railroad crossing leaving him sole alone to drift from one harsh hand to another until the reform school got him, and the harshest hand of all beat him at last into screaming madness for throwing stones at the trains which ran past the school. The propaganda power of such a book as *Youth in Hell* is enough to set a whole land at work reforming itself. [There is even a touch of sentiment in it for such as need that impetus.] A people that does such things to its children deserves to hold the world's record for gunmen and gangsters, for the gate of the reform school opens inevitably onto "a one-way road that leads to Penitentiary Avenue."

In all the history of early America there are no stories of adventure and fortitude more thrilling than those of the Jesuit missionaries. Of these consecrated heroes none was greater than Father Brebeuf, strong man, explorer and orator, who lived only to serve and teach the Hurons and who died, with Father Lallemant, at the hands of their Iroquois enemies. In *Donjon of Demons* (Holt $3.), Benedict Fitzpatrick, well known for his studies of the position of Ireland in mediaeval Europe, gives a running, popular account of Brebeuf's life, based on the material contained in the *Jesuit Relations.* Such a story cannot be dull, but Fitzpatrick has no great narrative gift. His style is professorial, and after reading his book this reviewer is more than ever firmly convinced that these stories of the Jesuit Fathers are better reading in their original form where the simplicity and poetry of their language gives reality and dramatic force to accounts of courage, privation and horror which become, in others' hands, almost too awful to seem true. However, for readers who have not the courage to undertake the reading of the excerpts from *The Jesuit Relations* so admirably prepared by Edna Kenton, a few years ago, *Donjon of Demons* may serve as a tempting introduction.

In *The Courtezan Olympia* (Covici, Friede $5.) C. J. Bulliet, the Chicago art critic, discusses the rôles which their model-mistresses have played in the lives of great painters and sculptors. Mr. Bulliet opens his book with a reassertion of the truism that art has nothing to do with morals and that it springs from the senses. He then goes on to a description of the battle between art and Mrs. Grundy, using Manet's experience as a prize example. This is entertaining enough, but when he says that Manet painted his Olympia in order to shock the public, he is saying something rather silly. From that point on, in exploring the relations of artists from antiquity to today with their models, Mr. Bulliet risks making of his book another talking point for Mrs. Grundy, because, by throwing all his emphasis upon personalities and studio gossip, he seems to be trying for a succès de scandale. His book is well written and illustrated by excellent reproductions of many of the finest nudes ever painted.

Charles A. Beard is a leader in American opinion whose words are listened

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to in both camps, by the motor-ageists and the Spenglerites. He is one who says "Westward, look, the land is bright," but he says it too soberly and thoughtfully to be dismissed as a pollyanna. He has performed a service in editing and introducing a symposium *Toward Civilization* (Longmans, Green

Illustrations by Marguerite Davis for "Sugar and Spice" (Little, Brown)

$3.) in which a group of leading American engineers gives each his own reply to the questions—"Who is to soften the harshness of the machine, humanize its functions and crown days of labor with peace no less than plenty? And how is this to be done? Will the captains of our fate pause in manufacturing by the train-load to consider these questions? Will they coöperate heartily with seers who approach the problems thus raised from other angles than those of mass production?" Among the contributors to this symposium are Robert A Millikan, Michael Pupin, Lee de Forest, Elmer A. Sperry and Roy V. Wright. It is published this week and will be discussed at greater length in a future issue.

Although it has been received too late for review in these pages, we wish to call your attention to *Three Masters* by Stefan Zweig (Viking Press $3.) a brilliant, masterly study, combining biography and literary criticism of "the three supremely great novelists of the nineteenth century," Balzac, Dickens and Dosoeffsky, which no one seriously interested in literature should miss.—F. L. R.

Behind the Blurbs

We learned in looking through a book on *Human Speech*[1] that the author, Sir Richard Paget, has, in the course of experiments in producing speech artificially, developed a method by which, with his hands and a pair of bellows, he can make several remarks. He can, in fact, talk to himself. Politicians, naggers and bores, amateur and professional, should look into the possibilities revealed by these stunts of Sir Richard's. The pause necessary for taking breath, so dangerous to the talker who fears interruption, could easily be filled in if the hands could be taught to enunciate clearly some such phrase as "What I mean is—" Or you could sing duets with yourself, in case you're fond of music. ☙ ☙ ☙ Lippincott will pub. a book on Cardinal Wolsey by Hilaire Belloc in November, the 400th anniversary of that prelate's death. ☙ ☙ ☙ Alec Waugh's *Hot Countries* wins the May guerdon of the Literary Guild. And *The Week-End Library* will fill the same month with happiness for Book of the Month Club members. This latter vol. contains *Of Human Bondage, Where the Blue Begins, Youth, The Time Machine,* and some fifteen other shorter selections. ☙ ☙ ☙ It may surprise you to find that John Held, Jr., writes as competently as he draws, but that's just what you will find if you read his *Grim Youth*,[2] which contains short stories of the youngest generation. There's a bitter after-taste to these stories, amusing as most of them are, for they give a true picture, if not a complete one. ☙ ☙ ☙ The detective in Natalie Sumner Lincoln's *Marked "Cancelled"*[3] seemed perfectly average to us until on p. 237 we found this: "I topped Inspector Warfield by an inch and it was over his head that I saw Claire standing in the doorway." (Claire's eyes, by the way, "were neither blue nor grey nor green, but a lovely blending of all three.") We puzzled over this for some time. An extra inch won't let you see over a man's head. And then a great light broke on us. Of course! The Inspector was a low-brow. Nothing above the ears. We'd thought that about him several times in the course of the investigations following the murder of millionaire Reade, but we weren't sure until we came on this clue the author had so cleverly concealed for us. Oh well, it's a pretty good yarn, at that, and you won't guess the murderer. ☙ ☙ ☙ A new series of inexpensive reprints of popular non-fiction books is soon to be brought out by Blue Ribbon Books, Inc. The titles will be selected from the lists of four publishing houses —Dodd Mead, Harcourt Brace, Harpers and Little, Brown,—who are sponsoring the venture. ☙ ☙ ☙ Frederick Kiesler's *Contemporary Art Applied to the Store and Its Display*[4] contains photographs of many interesting examples of modern store architecture, arrangement and display, but we find in glancing through it one painful inconsistency. "The new beauty must be based on efficiency" affirms the author, and then arranges his text in two columns of bold-faced type, which may indeed make an interesting and arresting page, but are extremely difficult to read, since all white space is in the middle of the page and the type comes close to the edges on either side. It is the same inconsistency which creeps into so much "modern" work. But it is not one, we hasten to say, which should influence you, if you are interested in such matters, to dismiss the book as unimportant. ☙ ☙ ☙ The splendors and miseries of a taxi driver's life are well set forth in Robert Hazard's *Hacking New York*[5], whose author has been at it for nine years. It's a rambling book, full of anecdotes about the various fares he has carried, about cops and doormen and chauffeurs; and there's inside information on how to "educate" the meter so it will run faster. One piece of advice should be of interest to all motorists. When you pull over to the curb, says this veteran, it's better to tell the cop you thought he wasn't looking than to pretend you are ignorant of the traffic rules. ☙ ☙ ☙ Virgil Markham has done a remarkable stunt in *The Black Door*[6]. Although American born and bred, he has succeeded in making his American hero speak as an English writer would have made him speak. Tom Stapleton uses all the right slang and uses it all wrong. Except when he uses the wrong slang and uses it right. Mr. Markham may, of course, have intended a parody on the British brand of fiction American. If he did, it is the cleverest parody ever written. Otherwise, and except for the woodenness of the characters, it is a good mystery yarn, all about Anthony Veryan and his heirs, who are cooped up together in an island castle off the Welsh coast, and who are being mysteriously and bloodily slain, one by one,

by an unknown fiend. Very eerie as to atmosphere, as was this author's former book.

Walter R. Brooks.

1. Harcourt Brace, $6.00.
2. Vanguard, $2.00.
3. Appleton, $2.00.
4. Brentano, $7.50.
5. Scribner's, $1.75.
6. Knopf, $2.50.

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The New Psychology

As Set Forth in Recent Books

MANY believe that through the newer psychology coming forms of religion will be evolved. Certainly the response of the average man and woman to this subject indicates a hunger for some answer to the riddle of living which is not found in current philosophy or theology. Perhaps that is why Alfred Adler, the founder of Individual Psychology is hailed by his followers as a prophet rather than a psychologist. A well known Jesuit priest in Germany has said that if Adler continues to expound his social ideals, although a Jew he will establish the first Christian psychology. The success of his work in America cannot be explained on the ground of personal popularity or deft publicity. It lies deeper than that. It is because his analysis of human beings does not rest with mere diagnosis of the intricate mechanisms of the unconscious mind. The Individual Psychologist sees a way out. It may not be your answer or mine —but to thousands of people it provides a robust, courageous philosophy of life in place of failure and discouragement.

It has always seemed to me that Adler's own writing does not do him justice. His books are usually prepared from notes taken in his clinics and lectures. They lack a comprehensive plan of presentation, they repeat the same ideas and they have an informality which drives the acamedically minded to despair. Yet, despite their faults, they are full of valuable material for the understanding of self and of others. His two new volumes, *Problems of Neurosis* and *The Pattern of Life* (The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation) are much like their predecessors. They do not present especially new material but they reveal a growing clarity and cohesiveness in the formulation of Adler's particular contribution to psychology. And like Bernard Shaw's plays, both books are worth having for their prefaces.

Problems of Neurosis has an introduction by Dr. F. G. Crookshank of London: "Individual Psychology: A Retrospect and a Valuation," which attempts to place Adler in relation to his European contemporaries. Dr. Crookshank says, contrasting Freud, Jung and Adler, "Freud's conception of psychic motivation in general (we may regard) as that of reaching after joy or ecstacy; of Jung's as that of a striving for the expression of what has been stored up, as myths, in the racial unconscious since the youth of mankind; and of Adler's 'as if' the up-soaring ambition of the eagle. But this is not all. For the Freudians, neurosis and psychosis are the effects of frustrated motivation in the *past;* for the followers of Jung, they are due to frustration in the *present,* and for those who profess Individual Psychology with Adler, they 'are arrangements' and 'compensations'—we might almost say, insurances—in fear of the failure to attain the *future* success that each neurotic feels is his due meed."

Dr. W. Beran Wolfe's preface to *The Pattern of Life* reveals the aspects of Adler's philosophy which have made some academicians place it in the realm of religion rather than science. Essentially free will appears in a new dress. For the underlying idea of Individual Psychology is "Every human being can do everything." The determinism of heredity, the limitations of environment, the stupidities of society are not, it is declared, insuperable obstacles to one who is facing forward to a goal of social usefulness. The job of the individual is to understand his pattern of life and if his conduct is unworthy and his goal useless and selfish, master his fate by turning in the right direction.

The Pattern of Life is made up of case records of problem children and as they are analyzed and interpreted by Adler, they center around the one big problem of emotional adjustment. His emphasis is almost wholly upon the inner, subjective world of the child. In striking contrast is the objective technique of mental tests and measurements of bodily growth used by Paul Hanly Furfey in *The Growing Boy* (The Macmillan Company). Here is valuable information for parents and teachers but presented in the formal manner of a laboratory report it is likely to alarm the general reader.

In this respect, *The Psychology of Childhood* by Edgar James Swift (D Appleton and Company) has the advantage, for it is essentially readable and free of technical terminology. Like the text books of a previous decade, many books on child psychology describe processes and functions as if they existed separately in space without relation to human beings. Professor Swift believes in studying the whole child. He holds that neither individual habits nor single reactions are a sufficient revelation of the behavior pattern. The child must be studied in all his relationships and activities, most particularly in the home and parental associations, if he is to be understood. Some one has said that it doesn't matter much what happens to a child after he is seven. Professor Swift stresses the point that the shaping of personality begins in the cradle and continues through the preschool period. By the time the primary room is reached, he says, the foundation of personality has been laid, and like a building, the possibilities of the superstructure are settled by the underlying support.

In these days, when the right to publish adequate information on sex has to be thrashed out in our courts of law, *Generations of Adam* by A. L. Wolbarst, M.D. (Newland Press) comes as another challenge. In the average literature of sex education there has been a great deal of sentimentality about the matings of birds and butterflies to be dramatized to the soft accompaniment of *Hearts and Flowers.* Dr. Wolbarst isn't afraid of the facts of life and he discusses the most difficult aspects of the sex nature in a sane and perfectly natural way. Probably there has been no more valuable book about sex since the series by Havelock Ellis which is guarded under lock and key in our libraries. If there is any failure in the point of view it is that the author does not always see clearly that sex is only one aspect of the emotional life and that the adjustment of all the emotions is necessary to a normal sexual maturity. In the matter of sublimation, it is important, not only to make your impulses subordinate to your intellect but to make your impulses and your intellect harmonious in their mutual aim for a high and fine outlet of all the emotional tendencies.

Speaking of sex education, those who have followed the case of Mary Ware Dennett, who was tried, convicted and finally vindicated, for having written *The Sex Side of Life,* will be interested in her book *Who's Obscene?* (The Vanguard Press). Besides giving the story of the censorship of her book, the pamphlet for which she was convicted is included. *The Sex Side of Life* is still the best presentation in brief, readable form of the material which parents and teachers wish to give young people without knowing quite how to say it for themselves.

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Adventure, Mystery, Detective: **The Noose**, by Philip Macdonald: MacVeagh.
Novel: **The Saint**, by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer: Simon and Schuster.
Biography: **Alexander Pope**, by Edith Sitwell: Cosmopolitan.
Miscellaneous: **Three Masters**, by Stefan Zweig: Viking.

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Springfield, Missouri

The Theatre

By O. D. C.

"DEEP AND HEAVY moaning by the Theatre Guild" appears to be the rude verdict of the street on Philip Barry's latest offering, *Hotel Universe* (Martin Beck), as presented by an excellent Guild company including Katherine Alexander, Ruth Gordon, Glenn Anders, Earle Larimore and others.

Heavy much of it is, and occasionally a suggestion of genuine depth appears. There is also some undoubted moaning. But it is not nearly so bad as its severest critics would lead you to expect. Mr. Barry has always his gift for amusing light dialogue as well as his talent for the stage. So that he is able to make palatable and occasionally effective a good deal of disconnected and sophomoric thinking. Also, he knows how to make offstage piano playing an effective accompaniment to otherwise ineffective scenes. And what good things he has to say are put with excellent dramatic taste into the mouths of interesting characters. Were this not so, *Hotel Universe* could not hold the unflagging attention of its audiences from eight fifty until eleven, without a single curtain break.

And yet when all these things are said the sad fact still remains that the play itself is a slightly immature and highly confused fable about those well known Robert Chambers-Owen Johnson-Michael Arlen-Philip Barry people: the socially prominent, idle rich; bored and nervous and cynical at an incredibly early age, and gathered this time upon the terrace of a house upon the Mediterranean shore in southern France.

Story?

Well, just apply the "Berkeley Square" fourth dimension idea not to time, but to what psychology tells us is our unconscious mind. Read enough Freud to make sure that you are safe in ascribing an Oedipus complex to all your characters. Then say to yourself: "Go to! I shall make them all talk O'Neill!" Next arrange your plot so that a psychic character is on hand who can conveniently represent anybody's father. Finally, so present the sequence of your scenes that each complexed character in turn relieves his suppressed emotions (it's pretty effective dramatic narrative, by the way) and you not only get the story of the characters' lives but they presumably get a catharsis and so presto! the happy ending.

Even a new faith for mankind makes its appearance!

A magnificent idea, you say? Yes, it is. But as Mr. Barry has worked it out, it is only an intellectualized version of truths so imperfectly glimpsed and understood that half of the characters are real, but the other half are absurd. Add to this the confusion that arises from what appears to be a half baked conception of Freudian psychology—and no wonder the result has addled the critics.

It has the actors themselves addled, if we are to believe reliable inside report. Personally we felt that Mr. Barry's talent for playwrighting was still more than a match for his grasp of life. *Hotel Universe* is interesting, if you can stand it.

Just how far it is nevertheless from possessing real insight into humanity becomes dramatically clear after an evening spent at Jed Harris' production of Chekov's *Uncle Vanya*. And this clarity does not all proceed from the acting of Lillian Gish or Walter Connolly either—although they become this Russian play most mightily. In fact, if ever we saw a materialization in human form of an intangible quality, it is Miss Gish as the virginal young wife of the egotistical Professor who comes to his farm for the summer.

Below and far beyond this, however, is the intensely pathetic tragedy of the human beings in the play—held fast in the setting of their lives, unable ever to break through to happiness, and left, in the end, only the consolation of faith in Heaven. Chekov yearned over these pitiful people. A most moving play in which there is real understanding of people.

Guide to Current Shows

*__Strictly Dishonorable:__ Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.

__Journey's End:__ The great war play, perfectly acted.

__Berkeley Square:__ Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.

*__Fifty Million Frenchmen:__ Expertly produced musical comedy.

*__Sons o' Guns:__ A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue and alluring Lily Damita.

__Rebound:__ Excellent cake, but not enough bread and butter.

*__Topaze:__ Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.

*__The Green Pastures:__ The humble negro's story of the Lord God. The event of the season.

*__Simple Simon:__ Thank Heaven for Ed. Wynn. Music, ballet and pleasing nonsense.

__Michael and Mary:__ A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.

__Jonica:__ Noisy musical hodge-podge; much youth and general gaiety.

__The Old Rascal:__ William Hodge's new play; full of laughter and neatly risqué.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by the McBride and Tyson agencies.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"High Treason"

ENDOWED WITH fearful and wonderful wisdom, the New York and Pennsylvania censors have, up to the present writing, refused to license for exhibition in their states a British talkie called *High Treason*. Inasmuch as it is already showing in many other communities, and inasmuch as I have seen it and am convinced that it is one of the most unusual and ingenious films of the year, it seems to me to deserve some special mention. The censors in these two great big grown-up states do not say why they object to this film, except in a very general way. The inference is that it incites to immorality and will generally undermine our minds and characters.

High Treason is a fantastic and often melodramatic vision of the year 1940—a sort of cross between the film *Metropolis* and Bernard Shaw's stage play *The Apple Cart*. The United States of Europe are governed by a president. The railroad tunnel under the British Channel is in operation, and every telephone has a television attachment. In his office a man may switch on a television "newsreel" and watch sporting events as they are actually taking place. The air is filled with droning planes. Even European cities are bridged by multiple-decked streets. Radio announcers speak not to mere "networks" but to the World . . . "London calling the World" . . . "New York calling the World" . . .

High Treason supposes that by 1940 there is a world Peace League headed by a nice white-haired old gentleman with a pretty daughter who loves an officer in the air force. When the call to arms comes she attempts to lead the women munition workers in revolt against the aviators who are about to take out the bombing planes.

Now whether you care for its spectacular melodramatics and its somewhat sweetish love story or not, you can hardly help being struck with the imagination and the novelty of *High Treason*, and impressed with the truth and importance of a good portion of its subject matter. Furthermore, director Maurice Elvey has some entertaining modernistic gadgets and some striking pictures. *High Treason* was produced by the British Gaumont firm, and is being released in this country by Tiffany. If New York and Pennsylvania censors can keep their states from seeing *High Treason*, I think it is time somebody up and abolished them.

"Montana Moon"

Joan Crawford's simple, straightforward performance as a hard-drinking society gal who marries a big he-man bronco buster for the thrill, is so honest and convincing that it almost makes up for the conventional plot and typical movieisms which keep cropping up. John Mack Brown is the big cow man from the West and during the love scenes Miss Crawford makes fun of his southern drawl most engagingly. Miss Crawford has never been so attractive. The picture has good-looking out-door locations rather than stuffy cardboard sets. Ukulele Ike plays and sings entertainingly now and then.

"He Knew Women"

When this play by S. N. Behrman appeared on the Theatre Guild stage with Alfred Lunt it was known as *The Second Man*. Why the film—which boasts of some of the smoothest performances and direction the talking films have yet recorded—should be burdened with such a trashy title as *He Knew Women*, I cannot tell you. It is one of those things which gives Hollywood its perpetual air of imbecility and arrested development. It is on a par with men selling "art photos" outside a burlesque show, or little idiot children scrawling dirty remarks on the sidewalks or on the ads in a subway station.

In spite of its title, then, *He Knew Women* is one of the very smoothest and most grown-up things the talkies have done. It is hardly a moving picture—it is a photographed stage play—but is something to look forward to. Lowell Sherman, Alice Joyce and David Manners speak Mr. Behrman's unadulterated lines with considerable charm and distinction. Radio Pictures has done a film to be proud of. The characters are a third rate author who is about to marry a wealthy widow for her money, a very young girl who thinks she wants to marry him to reform him, and a young chemist who is in love with her. Their conversation is vastly entertaining.

Worth Seeing

Anna Christie: Greta Garbo on a coal barge.
The Green Goddess: George Arliss and Alice Joyce in the old stage play.
The Man from Blankley's: John Barrymore is amusing in a slightly crazy comedy.
Honey: Slight but pleasant nonsense with Nancy Carroll.
Journey's End: The all-male war play, faithfully and movingly done into a taking film.
The Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbett sings till the loudspeakers shake in a conventional opera plot.
Sarah and Son: Ruth Chatterton is excellent but the story is commonplace.
Song o' My Heart: John McCormack sings about a dozen Irish ballads quite as well as he does in concert.
Street of Chance: William Powell, some smart dialogue and a good story about gamblers.
The Vagabond King: Dennis King is king of France for a day—to the accompaniment of Friml's music.

Not So Good

The Benson Murder Case: The fourth Van Dine story on the screen and the third with William Powell. Confused and hard to follow.
The Case of Sergeant Grischa: The Zweig war novel only occasionally successful.
Lummox: Fannie Hurst's story of the unhappy servant girl.
High Society Blues: Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor in something about social climbers that should never have been made.

"Young Man of Manhattan"

When any dramatic medium succeeds in making newspaper people seem plausible before other newspaper people, things are looking up. Katherine Brush's novel has been brought to the screen by Paramount and Monta Bell—and its newspaper people are not only pretty lifelike but the film as a whole is first class entertainment. Claudette Colbert is good as the wife who writes a movie-chatter column and so is Norman Foster as the sports-writing husband, but it is Charles Ruggles, the genial drunk, who really distinguishes himself. Gone are the days when the movies show a reporter with notebook and pencil stiffly announcing, "I represent the Morning Blah." The screen reporters of nowadays are the semi-sober, desperately underpaid and overworked, but ever genial and charming people you and I know all about us.

"Paramount on Parade"

The movies simply do not seem to be able to produce an intimate musical revue which will have one twentieth of the appeal which such affairs have in the flesh, blood and lipstick. Everybody on the Paramount lot including Clara Bow, Maurice Chevalier, Helen Kane, Jack Oakie, Nancy Carroll, Mitzi Green, William Powell, etc., has been asked to recite a few lines, sing a few songs or dance a few steps. It is really appalling to realize how distressingly dull and flat your favorite actors can be without good material. First of all, I would suggest that Hollywood send out a hurry call for skit-writers. Secondly, I would suggest that quality, not quantity (this film lasts for hours) is appreciated, even by lowly movie audiences.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Life of an Umbrella

"IT'S THE FINEST umbrella," said the boy solemnly, "that was ever made. In all Christendom."

Eighteen hundred and sixty-five years was Christendom. He himself had lived fifteen of them and he had never imagined such an umbrella.

"A good umbrella," said his friend carelessly. His friend had given it to him.

"The handle—" said the boy. "I never knew before there was a wood like that. Snakewood!"

His friend nodded. "Marked like a snake."

The boy traced with his forefinger the intricacy of the carving. He tried the handle under his palm. It felt as strong as a cane.

"Of course," said his friend cautiously, "you may think at first there's no use for it. Not on a ship. But you won't always be at sea. And almost in any port you will find the umbrella comes in useful."

"That is right," said the boy, stroking with his rough finger the fine silk, which was a dark purple like the color of a storm. "But on shipboard I can always look at it."

"Yes," said his friend trying to smile, for the boy was about to sail, "and that way it should last you a long, long while."

The boy looked from the umbrella to his friend and back again. "It will last me my life," said the boy. He stared in the direction of the sea. "Until I die."

In his cramped quarters below deck he found a crevice where the umbrella might be safely stowed away. It was dark in the hold of the clipper, smelling of oakum and tar. Above—the deck, the masts, the great brown sails, gave off a smell of tar in the sun and salt in the rain. There was no spot on shipboard that allowed for the look or use of a fine purple silk umbrella. But the old clipper ship, cutting through opalescent foam, or ploughing and staggering under a storm, or riding idly on a flat sea, held a jewel at her breast . . . a promise of waiting ports, streets of rain and romance, the flash and color of civilization.

On his first shore leave he took it from its hiding place. The sky was clear overhead, but in foreign countries one could never tell how the weather might turn. It made no difference. He could very well use it as a cane, or a weapon maybe, if the need came.

The port was Hongkong. When he returned to the ship his head was dizzy and his eyes excited. Such sights and strangeness! New and curling odors tingled in his nostrils. In front of him the darkness still wove a glittering curtain of quick colors, carved faces, sliding eyes. His brain was chiming with a hundred gongs of memory. His hand tightened upon the handle of his umbrella.

His umbrella. It had never left him. His hand had clasped it, had rested on it, had tightened and relaxed with wonder, with danger, and delight. It had been his companion. His gift from home. Already the glamours and beauties of a new country were held mysteriously in the dark purple of the silk and pricked his palm in the carved handle.

ON THE long voyage back to his own country—again to Hongkong—on voyages to farthest ports—over strange seas—the umbrella never left him. There was no wonder in any foreign country equal to that moment when he first lifted it above his head; between him and a storm. He raised his eyes to the luminous disc of color and tried to find a word. An explanation. There was no word. Later, when his mates began to notice, looking at the umbrella curiously, or admiring, or shouting out their jokes, he tried again for an explanation. "I carry it about me—" he began—"I always carry it," he ended shortly, "for luck."

He always carried it. With every year it looked finer to him. With every voyage it held more colors, until he had a fancy as he grew older that if it would speak it could tell him his whole life. Later still, when he was past middle age and had long been Captain, he found he had acquired the habit of referring to it with his eye—"Yes, yes, I remember the place now. And the very year."

But it was on the day when in absentmindedness he first asked the umbrella a question that he caught himself, laughed—and frowned; and thought it likely that he was old. Well, why not? There it all was, the long story—boyhood, friendship and shipping off to sea; youth and adventure—and love—and marriage. Children. And success. War. And home in a strange country. Strange countries! What strange country had they not been to? The two of them. Holding on to each other—looking to each other—and having a pride together. Luck. Well, they had had luck—eighty years of it; and the umbrella sixty-five.

So the Captain made his will . . . My umbrella, made of purple silk, the handle carved of snakewood—let it be buried with me . . . No further than that, eh? They could go no further than that.

And that's how it came about that to the friends who saw him off on the last trip, it looked queer—a purple umbrella lying beside him, pressed tight inside his coat. Though to be sure they had slept in many quarters as narrow, and below every kind of deck. Bound for some strange place.

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▶▶In This Issue◀◀

JOHN CARTER is attached to the Division of Western European Affairs of the Department of State at Washington. Among his recent contributions to the Outlook and Independent are "American Foreign Policy" and "Who Won the War?"

T. W. PHILLIPS, JR. is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania. A member of the House of Representatives in both the 68th and 69th Congresses, he is conducting his present campaign on an out-and-out anti-prohibition platform.

JOSEPH LILLY and BENJAMIN HANFT are both newspapermen. Mr. Hanft is also a seaman. Mr. Lilly is a member of the staff of the New York *Telegram*.

EUGENE A. DAVIDSON recently was graduated from Yale University and is now employed by the Yale University Press. A previous contribution from Mr. Davidson was "The Last of the Victorians."

▶▶Next Week◀◀

Watchdogs and Morals, by Wickham Steed.

Censorship, the author claims, generally expresses the prevailing sense within a community of the risks to which its members should not be exposed. Highly developed individuals, however, believe in the existence of a higher law by which their conduct is governed. When the attempt is made to force the superior or more sensitive individual to suit his conduct to the rules of the majority, conflict results. Certain artists, however, such as D'Annunzio, by treating essentially repugnant subject matter with great skill, have abused the privilege of superiority. The so-called higher law, Mr. Steed feels, should in reality be a further restraint upon the individual and not a release from standards governing the majority.

High Voltage: A Portrait of Leopold Stokowski, by Virgilia Peterson Ross.

As a showman the leader of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra is in a class by himself. Members of his orchestra come and go during the performance of certain works. Baby elephants have appeared upon his stage. He has told his audiences that applause is silly and when they have arrived late he has kept them standing until the intermission. Although such posturings in the limelight are open to criticism, the author feels that the conductor's ability as a musician cannot be disputed. A passionate experimenter, steadily looking to the future, Stokowski foresees indescribable changes in the realm of music.

The Gun vs. the Airplane, by Charles J. V. Murphy.

The indifference with which pursuit pilots regarded anti-aircraft ordnance during the War has given rise to a misconception of the military value of this weapon. Recent improvements in speed of fire, muzzle velocity, range finding, and the invention of a mechanical robot that calculates unmentionable ballistics instantaneously have made "Archy" a formidable weapon. The new three inch gun has a range of 20,000 feet and an expectancy of one hit in five seconds. Another special gun is capable of firing a thirty-three pound shell to an altitude of 42,000 feet.

The Drift to Peace, by A. G. Keller.

Although unwilling to predict the end of armed conflict, the author is conscious of a definite drift from war to peace. Crusades and holy wars have mainly ceased. As far back as the time of Homer and beyond records of protest against war can be found. The continued existence of this public opinion, the author claims, indicates that warfare, as a method of international policy, will eventually be abandoned.

In Quest of Stability, by William O. Scroggs.

Six months ago the theory of the business cycle was largely discredited. Such subsequent events as the collapse of the Stock Market and the recent business depression prove that cyclical fluctuations of business are not to be disregarded. Although high wages have become an accepted feature of our modern economy, unemployment still remains a problem. Mr. Scroggs discusses various plans to stabilize employment which have already been adopted.

▶▶ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀◀

By W. R. BROOKS

WE ARE PLEASED to be able to announce to you that you may now buy for yourself just the perfume, just "the floral bouquet decreed by the stars to fit your astral personality." There are twelve of these celestial odors, each "distilled from the group of flowers ruled by their sign in the zodiac." "The Essence of Personality" they are called. And "thus," continues the enraptured manufacturer, "you can surround yourself with a magnetic aura of intensified personality and gracious fascination."

Well, this sounded all right to us when we first read it. But then we remembered that we were born under the sign of Capricornus, alias the goat. Are we to intensify our personality with an odor of goat? Will those born under the sign of Pisces surround themselves with a magnetic aura of fish? Oh of course, we realize that we're not being quite fair, that the flowers born under a certain sign (if there are such flowers), don't necessarily partake of the odoriferous nature of that sign. But when it comes to labelling and marketing these scents, will a goat or a fish on a bottle label appeal to the purchaser? And Virgo and Gemini and Cancer and Taurus—they all suggest so many things that have nothing to do with the zodiac. We'd select Aquarius for a prohibitionist, rather than for one born under that sign. Well, anyway, there's the information. You can act on it if you want to.

▶▶ AND IF ZODIACAL PERFUMES don't appeal to you, there's a psychic scent you can have blended specially for you by M. Sakele, an Egyptian perfumer, who first tests your skin and then compounds a perfume which will somehow react upon it in the most effective way.

▶▶ AT HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER'S we saw one of those all-glass siphon coffee machines which is made for use over a gas flame. Much quicker than those you use with an alcohol lamp, and has a porous glass strainer, so that nothing but glass touches the coffee.

▶▶ ALL YOU DO is shake the De Haven razor to sharpen it. It has only one blade, a heavy one of special steel, so that you don't have to run out to the drug store before breakfast every once in a while to get a pack of fresh blades to shave with. Use it, and if you don't like it, they'll give you your money back. We haven't tried the De Haven, but we're going to, for we're sick of these blades that give you a shave the first day and a scrape the second. We've had the best success lately with an English blade, the I X L. It seems to last longer than most of the others we've tried.

▶▶ IF YOU LIKE CANDY but fear its effect on your waist line, there's a brand called Honey-Maid, said to be non-fattening, because made of clover honey. Sold at Franklin Simon's.

▶▶ THERE'S A NEW BOOK on ping pong out. It gives you all the rules, tells you how to make the various strokes, discusses the play of different champions, and even has a note on the proper costume to wear. Ping pong is certainly coming back, and you can buy outfits for, we believe, as much as sixty dollars, if you want to. But with a net, two inexpensive bats, a small flock of balls, and two squares of Sheet Rock to lay on the dining room table, you can probably have as much fun and perspire as profusely as with the more expensive sets.

▶▶ THE ZEERONATOR is an iceless beverage mixer containing a cooling tube which you fill with Kemi-Cold (25 cents per cartridge). Then pour in the ingredients and almost immediately they're thoroughly chilled, and at full strength.

▶▶ WITH ATHEY WINDOW SHADES you can shade any part of the window, top or bottom. They do not roll up on a roller, so that there is nothing to get out of order. They are attached on cords which run up and down at each side of the window frame, and are pleated so that they fold together like an accordion. The company that makes these also makes excellent weather-strips of cloth-lined metal which are permanent, keep out drafts, and won't let the windows rattle in the wind.

▶▶ CREA-TONE IS an electrical device attachable to any piano, which prolongs the vibrations of the strings so that the tone is maintained, thus producing an organ-like effect. You can turn it on or off as you desire. It opens up possibilities not only for those who interpret the music of others, but for composers as well, since a variety of unusual effects are producible.

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The Unredeemables

(Continued from Page 690)

drinks for the crowd when they enter some one goes out and panhandles a few quarters from tidy commuters, hurrying home to Brooklyn and Staten Island. But, invariably, the fall-guy appears. Up Broadway they still call him the butter-and-egg-man, but to the seaman it's the *live guy*. Once he discloses he has money the sailors produce their art of cajoling. It is superb. The Britisher—if it is a Britisher—takes advantage of his cash and has his fun. He makes every toast a drink to his Majesty. Every glass of the re-distilled wood alcohol is raised in his Britannic Majesty's honor. That is, until the Britisher's money is gone. Then George V becomes a "Limey Bastard," (with all due respect), along with his loyal subject, (and all due respect for him, too).

When the *live guy* can buy no more some one inevitably picks up a quarrel. The Eagle screams as a Congressman never heard it. The Britisher replies —and finds himself out in the back alley, a gash on his forehead, his bumper very sore. But he has no regrets. He wakes up and looks for his ship, or some other ship.

Day in and night out it goes on. The town hears little of it. The ship owners make no fuss. When they want crews they want them, and as long as the sailor may go along rambunctiously, thumbing his nose at efficiency, he can be got to go aboard, chip the rust, feed and oil the engines, and paint the ship clean on the long voyage home, all the while planning his last trip.

Exporting the Pay-Roll

(Continued from Page 687)

chandise, creates a standard of living and stimulates production. In this standard, hitherto, only Americans have shared, but it is spreading out, actively through the barrage of American investments, American trade and American enterprise from the Niger to the River Plate, from Singapore to Paris and from Berlin to Tokyo. What Ford is doing in Europe is being done instinctively in every country of the world by hundreds of American companies. And the Government, backed by treaties, by policy and by legislation, is preparing to extend the fight, to carry the war against poverty into Africa, to set the new American standard of living in the last strongholds of human bondage, and to deny the privilege of its customs to goods which do not conform to the minimum labor standards which we have set ourselves.

Low wages, whatever their form, are bad business. The world cannot continue half high wage and half low wage, whether that wage be measured in money or in living standards. These two truths provide the starting point for the most important economic struggle of the age—the export of the American high wage system and through that, of the American standard of living to the rest of the world.

After the War Is Over

(Continued from Page 693)

and one no longer dreads it."

The beautiful Fatherland, Peace, God—why, they had been reading poetry.

In the summer of 1927 there were memorial services for the War dead in England and Germany. Similar speeches were made about her men who had marched out and who had died. The German services were dedicated to boys of preparatory school age, who had been rushed to Belgium to hold the English, while the main German armies struck at Paris. The schoolboys had held the

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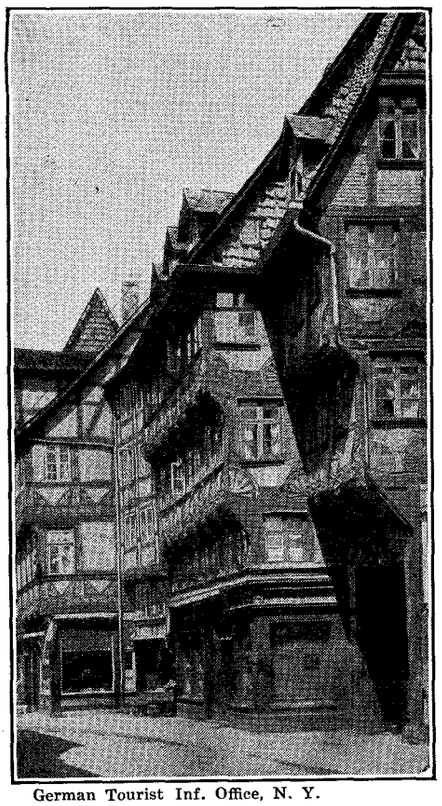

German Tourist Inf. Office, N. Y.

Old houses in Brunswick, Germany

line, but for each hundred that had started for the field there was one to stand with his head bowed in memory of his comrades. And if the German and the English survivors had stood silent together, neither you nor I could have said which had fought in the opposite trenches. It was good blood that ran into the earth those four years.

It is not my intention to maintain that all war bitterness has disappeared, or even that it is disappearing more rapidly after the Great War than has been the case in other years. But consider the extent of the propaganda, the fact that it comprised all the avenues respected and unattained by the greatest advertisers—the newspapers, magazines, books, moving pictures, the stage, as well as official statements and spectacular posters—and less than ten years after—"Die Wacht am Rhein" in an American University. The mood transcends America. Ramsay MacDonald had said in the early days of the War, "Never did we arm our people and ask them to give up their lives for less good cause." A few months preceding the last English election he spoke to the members of the Reichstag at Berlin, and he assured them that no person of enlightenment held Germany responsible for the War. And he emerged despite both statements Prime Minister of England.

As for us, we are cynical, inclined particularly to reject official epithets. The resounding "bigotry" heard a year ago November made no appreciable difference to us. We would be amused by a statement on the affairs of 1930 like "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." We should probably reply: "Well, well."

Why I Am a Wet

(Continued from Page 704)

and confiding friends is better than abject servility.

After more than a decade in which only here and there have we heard an occasional voice from the legal profession crying out in the wilderness, it is encouraging to note that at last there is a nation-wide effort on the part of that profession to purge the Constitution of the Eighteenth Amendment. Happily it is daily becoming more manifest to the layman as well as to the lawyer that the Constitution is not a proper instrumentality for making experiments, noble or ignoble; also that constitutions are, or should be, primarily for the purpose of placing limitations upon the Government, but not upon individuals, granting to the Government only such powers and prerogatives as may be necessary for it to properly function.

Ten years have demonstrated that neither theoretically nor practically can the Eighteenth Amendment properly and comfortably rest in the Constitution of the United States. Therefore, it is all the more difficult to account for the failure of many eminent constitutional lawyers, some of whom have been signally honored by their party and their country, to assume the duties of leadership. They do not contend that purely legislative matters should have been grafted onto the Constitution, but they apparently take the attitude that because no other amendment has been eliminated, the Eighteenth Amendment must remain even though opposition and resentment continue to increase. Can it be possible that real men, men qualified by nature, experience and position for leadership are too lazy, too sensitive or too mercenary to perform a plain public duty, or is their silence and inactivity to be interpreted as disparaging the intelligence of the American people? The widely separated state referenda herein mentioned indicate how the people would vote if given an opportunity to register their opinion of prohibition without the interjection of other issues, and unless they are given the right to vote on the one great American issue, all boasting of our democracy is hollow.

Prohibitionists have failed to satisfy the Great American Thirst with pop and near-beer, and to suppress an inherent sense of right and liberty by sumptuary laws carrying penalties that should be associated only with acts of violence and major trespasses. They have, however, not failed to induce through abuse, threats and promises of reward, the executives and enforcement officials, upon whom during the last ten years has devolved a hopeless and thankless task, to adopt or countenance methods that are a disgrace to civilization. Inasmuch as the executives of the Government and their subordinates, regardless of their personal opinion of prohibition, have beyond any reasonable doubt made strenuous efforts to enforce prohibition, it is the height of ingratitude for prohibitionists, who have had for ten years almost, if not quite, a free reign and full control of enforcement, to include among their numerous scape-goats many of their most obedient servants within the executive department. In fact the Presidents who have held office under and by the grace of the prohibitionists have invited the criticism of the future historians, not because they failed to enforce prohibition, but because they have condoned, permitted, or perhaps indirectly encouraged flagrant lawlessness on the part of officers in their futile attempt to enforce prohibition. The President is not required by oath, nor is he under moral obligation to resort to lawless measures in an effort to enforce the Volstead Law. Furthermore, when President Hayes withdrew federal troops from the South after an ineffectual attempt to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, he furnished a wise precedent whereby the President may withdraw federal enforcement officers from localities where public sentiment strongly resents federal interference in matters that are chiefly or wholly of local concern.

Regardless of our former feelings or convictions, most of us are far from happy in the maze in which the prohibitionists have placed us, but we seem to have so little faith in our fellow citizens and, therefore, so little confidence in our ability to devise some satisfactory method for our liberation that many are inclined to "bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." But, as our Canadian neighbors have demonstrated, that is merely fear and is rapidly being replaced by a courage that must not falter until prohibition has been discarded along with other quack remedies that have only aggravated the ills they were supposed to cure. In dry United States, jail and penitentiary space is at a premium. In wet England, drunkenness is decreasing and her jails are emptying. In the so-called "dry"

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states of Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Carolina and Maine, the inmates of prisons per unit of population from 1904 to 1927 increased seventy-five per cent, while on the same basis they decreased thirty-five per cent in the so-called "wet" states of New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Montana and New Jersey. If these statistics prove nothing more than the fact, long since known to many observers, that arid sentiments and right living are not synonymous, they prove much.

Considering the arrogant spirit that dominates the prohibitionists, it would be a long time indeed before they will permit their representatives in Congress to exercise their own judgment in dealing with this question. Therefore, unless the anti-prohibitionists are willing to permit matters to continue to drift from bad to worse indefinitely, it behooves them to see that more dry candidates for Congress have wet opponents. In time, when the issue becomes more sharply and bitterly drawn, the wets will learn to support their candidates regardless of party. The drys have for the last fifteen years been pursuing this course, with the result that they control about three-fourths of the members of Congress, although probably more than half the people are either opposed to prohibition or are not strongly in favor of it. Such results are to be expected as long as the prohibitionists are well organized and will work, while the anti-prohibitionists remain unorganized and won't work.

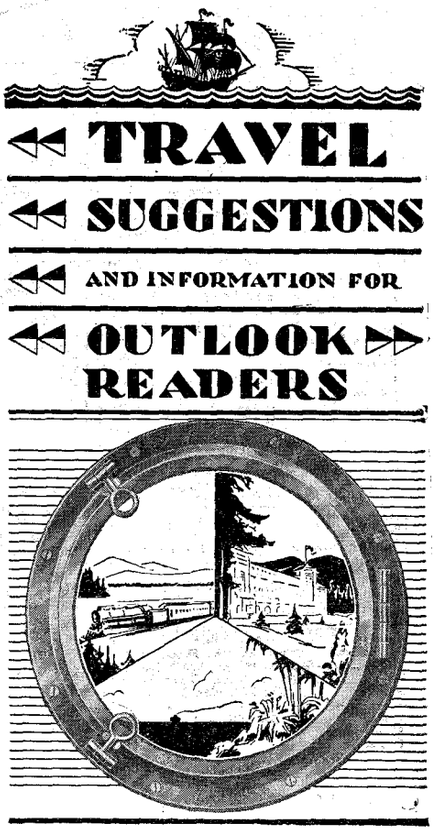
In many other countries and under conditions similar to those which exist here, prohibition has been weighed in the balances and always found wanting. Unfortunately for us, however, it has been made a constitutional provision and, therefore, we are confronted with greater difficulties in our efforts to extricate ourselves from this ill-starred experiment than were those less rash communities that made their experiment through legislation that could be modified or annulled. Nevertheless our situation is not hopeless, and with the tide of resentment against prohibition still rising, we should take courage and press toward the ultimate goal—repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. It is quite possible that from several angles the constitutionality of this irreconcilable amendment can be successfully contested. Grave doubts arise as to its legitimacy, and these doubts are strengthened the longer it remains in the family of constitutional provisions, crowding out its true-born brother and sister amendments one after another.

The legislature of a state is an agent, a servant of the people of that state, and its authority is limited by its state constitution adopted by the people. It cannot bargain away any privileges, rights, liberties, or police powers reserved to the people or to their state, nor can a legislature circumscribe the powers of its successors. Surely few if any of the constitutions of the forty-eight states authorize their legislatures to make such an abject surrender of police powers, either to Uncle Sam or to Siam, as was contemplated in the Eighteenth Amendment.

If at any time the people of the several states wish to surrender any of their reserved powers, they can do so, as was evidently contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, by constitutional conventions or by amending their state constitutions so as to grant to their legislatures the specific authority to vote in favor of such a federal amendment duly submitted by Congress. There is no question that Congress and the state legislatures can amend the Constitution so as to place limitations on the powers of Congress or cure defects in the Constitution. But there must be no surrender of the reserved powers either of the states or the people.

If, however, the courts are too timid to declare the Eighteenth Amendment unconstitutional, it can be repealed by a joint resolution passed by two-thirds of the House and Senate, and adopted by the legislatures of three-fourths of the states. At first thought any such action by so many separate units might seem to be precluded because of the exaggerated assertions of prohibitionists as to the strength of prohibition in several localities. Yet no one who has given the matter careful consideration would claim that if a considerable majority of the people decided to repeal the Amendment, it could not be done and done speedily.

The Eighteenth Amendment is not self-enforceable. Therefore, the President, supported by more than one-third of either the House or Senate, or the House, which is elected every second year, acting by itself, could refuse to appropriate money for enforcement. Then, on one side would be those who favor repeal and regulation of the liquor traffic with much revenue; on the other the bootleggers and the fanatics opposed to liquor regulation and temperance. Again, if a majority of the House and Senate and also the President decided that the best interests of the country would be served by driving the bootlegger out of business, they have, even under the Eighteenth Amendment much latitude: First, all existing prohibition laws can be repealed, and if no federal laws are substituted, regulation would



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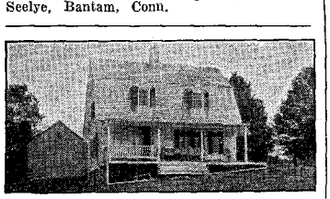

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Maine

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12 rooms (4 more can be easily added)—In Village—near churches and Post Office—just off State Road—Overlooks lake—good bathing—Suitable for summer home or small *hotel—Further details* A. V. BLAISDELL.

PENOBSCOT BAY

Ideal locations in Maine, summer homes, *lake, coast or country.* ORRIN J. DICKEY, Belfast, Maine.

FOR RENT At Fortune Rocks, Biddeford, Me.

A MODERN COTTAGE, beautifully situated, facing ocean. Fully equipped for housekeeping; electric light, city water, garage. Miss Esther W. Smith, Andover, Mass.

FOR RENT AT WISCASSET. Six-room house—furnished—all improvements. One-car garage. Summer season or monthly—Apply to Mrs. M. A. Giffin, Wiscasset, Me.

TO LET—PEMAQUID HARBOR, MAINE

Among the pines, on the ocean, six-room *bungalow, fire-place, bath room, electricity.* Also camp suitable for two. J. B. Fielding, 509 Audubon Rd., Boston, Mass.

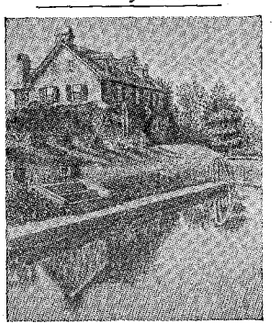
FOR JULY RENTAL—at Christmas Cove, Maine. 7 room, *fully* furnished cottage, piazzas, ocean frontage, country walks and drives, good drinking water, boat, supplies available. Particulars given. State number for occupation. HERBERT O. McCRILLIS, 33 Oak Street, Hyde Park, Mass.

Pemaquid Harbor, Me. To Let—*Modern* 6-room cottage. Clean. Charming location on harbor front. Photos. E. M. Hill, Damariscotta, Maine.

BEAUTIFUL BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE

Unexpectedly available for season—Charmingly furnished camp directly on shore of Great Pond; good fishing, boating and swimming; big living room, fieldstone fireplace, bathroom, 6 bedrooms, electric range and lights; *near golf* and village, but to all appearances in the heart of the Maine woods. $1,200 for season. Write or wire R. L. Clark, 16 Chauncy St., Cambridge, Mass.

Maryland



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STOCKHOME *two miles from* the District of Columbia's line, in Montgomery County, Maryland, in Bradley Hills. Property consists of approximately 55,000 square feet of land, stone house and garage. House has 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, breakfast room. Garage holds 2 cars, having servants' quarters on second floor. Outdoor swimming pool, fed by springs, central heating plant, oil heat, stationary vacuum cleaner, and refrigeration. Just 8½ *miles from center of Washington,* in most beautiful suburb.—**Ed. L. Stock, 1117—15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.**

Massachusetts

SIASCONSET — NANTUCKET ISLAND TO RENT—Seashore cottage comfortably furnished. 6 rooms and bath—electric lights. $500 for season, would divide the summer. L. W. Otis, 318 South 42nd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAPE COD Longnook Beach Old Truro

Furnished cottages, $250 to $495 for season. Private colony, ocean front, electric lights, baths, fireplaces, screened porches. Mrs. L. C. Greenleaf, 6 Upland Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

Massachusetts

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Summer Home at Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay, Cape Cod

Nine rooms, bath, toilet, hot water heat, *fireplace, large sunporch.* Garage for three cars. About one acre, fruit, shade, wide lawns. Within three minutes walk to fine bathing beach, hotels. Available June 15 to October 1st. Reasonable.

Address Box 62, East Walpole, Mass.

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SUGAR HILL, NEW HAMPSHIRE: *For rent for summer season.* Attractive furnished cottage; 10 rooms, 2 baths, 2 lavatories, electric lights. Garage. 5 acres grounds. Splendid view 3 mountain ranges. Housekeeping or not as desired. J. B. HARDON. 87 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE—NEW IPSWICH, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Colonial Homestead — 12 rooms—furnished or unfurnished. 3 acres *land. Every modern convenience.* Fireplaces—hardwood floors—2 baths. Gravity water. Tennis court. Sleeping porch, asparagus bed. G. J. PRESCOTT, Riverbank Court Hotel, Cambridge, Mass.

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FOR SALE—Home at Bronxville, N. Y. *Eleven room house—three baths.* Two car garage. About two acres in grounds. Fruit trees—flower and vegetable gardens. S. M. MUSSELMAN, Keswick, Va.

New York

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HEARTS DESIRE CAMP—ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS—Furnished—running water, sanitary plumbing, electric lights—$200 for season. Smaller camp—$175. ALMON WARD, Jay, N. Y.

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227 acres, 1 mile trout brook—30 acres woodland, beautiful home, open fireplace, extra house—barns. Send for photo, $9,000, 1/3 cash, others all prices. CLINE, Saratoga Springs.

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ADIRONDACKS (Paradox Lake)—For rent, bungalows, attractive, for practical Summer comfort; modern conveniences; all sports. Charles A. Darby, Jr., 5 Winchester St., Brookline, Mass.

LONG ISLAND SUMMER COTTAGE FOR SALE OR RENT. PECONIC BAY—at *Nassau Point—Picturesque cottage in oak* forest close to shore. All rooms face water. 2-car garage. Unsurpassed boating. References exchanged. Rent $750. I. L. WHITE, 17 Fernwood Road, Summit, N. J.

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For Sale or Rent. Camp north of Plattsburg for small family. Electricity, plumbing, cobblestone fireplace, shrubbery, flowers, vegetable garden, young fruit trees. Details and photographs furnished. James DeF. Burroughs, Ausable Chasm, N. Y.

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TO RENT—CRAGSMOOR, N. Y. Furnished cottage, 9 rooms and bath. 6 bedrooms. Sleeping porch, large verandas, ample water supply. Altitude 1,800 feet. 100 miles from New York. $600 for the season. 1074 Outlook and Independent. Phone Lexington 5260.

SEASHORE COTTAGES and homes on the Great South Bay for summer rental, furnished. E. RAYNOR'S SONS, Westhampton Beach, Long Island, N. Y.

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BIG WOLF LAKE, ADIRONDACKS. FOR RENT. Large ideal summer camp. Beautiful location, sand beach, boating, bathing, fishing. 8 bedrooms. Modern plumbing. Particulars J. L. JACOBS, Tupper Lake, N. Y.

FOR SALE at CRAGSMOOR, NEW YORK. Superb mountain location in Ulster Co., overlooking Rondout Valley. 12 acres, comfortable, well built house for residence, colony or club. 4 fire places, cottage, garage, bracing climate, select neighborhood. Easy terms for prompt sale. Apply, C. W. Smedley, Frankford, Philadelphia, Penna.

FOR RENT—Essex-on-Lake Champlain, N. Y. June to October, eight rooms, bath, furnished. Modern improvements. One block from lake. 1047 Outlook and Independent.

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FARM FOR SALE—Approximately 54 acres—at Wurtsboro, Sullivan County, N. Y. Frontage on State Road in town—Century old house—ten rooms, barn—hand hewn timbers—good repair—bathroom. Town water supply—meadows and woodlands—brooks and private trout ponds. $10,000. J. W. NEWKIRK, P. O. Box 292, Sound Beach, Conn.

ADIRONDACKS — LONG LAKE — FOR RENT. Beautiful 14 room camp, fine bathing beach, large acreage. 5 room cottage for help or extra guests. 2 motor boats, row boat. Completely furnished. Photograph and particulars. A. C. DURANT, Agent, 118 West 69th Street, New York City.

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MAIN LINE near PHILADELPHIA. Very beautiful self-supporting estate of 89 acres, with nursery of c. 184,000 evergreens, stream, woods, modernized stone house, hour from center of Philadelphia. $93,400, easy terms. C. G. HOAG, 3515 Powelton Ave., Phila., Pa.

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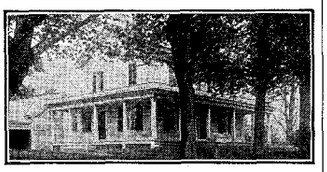
FOR SALE—An exceedingly attractively furnished rustic cabin located beside a balsam row on a five-acre tract in the Green Mountains, at Woodford, Vermont; elevation 2200 feet. Thirty minutes by motor, over excellent road, from Bennington, Vermont.

Cabin has two living rooms, one with fireplace, large porch, white birch dining room, kitchen, pantry, bath and five sleeping rooms. Water supply from a clear, pure, mountain spring. Immediate possession. Charles N. Powers, Bennington, Vermont.

Vermont



FOR SALE—33 acre Vermont farm in picturesque Champlain Valley, suitable for orchard, gardening or poultry. Very desirable home, electricity available. Ideal for summer boarders, near college, good roads. Address Beulah Sanford, Middlebury, Vermont.

BERLIN, VERMONT—250-acre farm—300,000 feet hardwood, maple, birch, ash. 200,000 feet soft, hemlock, bass, etc. Mostly first growth. River running by. Colonial house 14 rooms, beautiful view. Large barn with slate roof—running water, also stable. Pure Jersey Stock, tuberculin tested. MRS. M. L. CHANDLER, 10 Park Street, Barre, Vermont.

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Vermont

FOR SALE—In Vermont on main highway from New York and Boston to Canada. Fine estate suitable for Inn or Tea House. Write H. SALTER, Rutland, Vermont.

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again be a matter for the several states. Second, without attempting to legalize beer, wine or spirits of fixed alcoholic content, fines and penalties could be provided only in cases, for instance, of beer exceeding 4%, wine 12%, spirits 49%, or 99% for that matter, or in case the liquors are impure or poisonous. Third, since the Eighteenth Amendment does not attempt to prohibit beer, wine or spirits for medicinal purposes, their use can be permitted in limited or unlimited quantities, presumably for medicinal purposes, with or without a doctor's prescription. If without a prescription, then each citizen could prescribe for himself as he can now prescribe codliver oil or a hundred and one other medicinal concoctions containing various percentages of alcohol.

It will be conceded without prolonging the argument that a majority can through legislation mitigate many of the evils of prohibition and also that a determined majority can force the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and leave the way open for handling the liquor problem in a manner similar to that which has been adopted in Canada or in any other manner that may seem best.

Politics makes strange bed-fellows, and any estimate as to the probable vote on repeal should take into consideration the fact that the political grafter and the bootlegger, for both of whom prohibition has been a veritable bonanza (God-send would be the proper word were the Bible a prohibition book), will be working hand in glove with the Anti-Saloon League, Methodist Board of Temperance, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and certain groups within the Ku Klux Klan.

No longer is there necessity or occasion for the anti-prohibitionists to remain on the defensive or accept without challenge the misrepresentations, abuse and calumny which has been gratuitously bestowed upon them for the last ten years, and which has been endured with a patience that has long since ceased to be a virtue. The bitter fruits of prohibition followed by unmistakable indications from all quarters and among all classes that the wave of prohibition hysteria is receding have provided many openings for attack against prohibition and political and religious organizations that protect and sustain it.

Millions have become thoroughly surfeited with prohibition, and no longer wish to live and have their children live under the despotic regime of bureaucratic Government raised to the nth power. Prohibition will go, if not by the re-establishment of American rights through court decision, then by a large and determined body of American citizens who will register their objection to being stigmatized as felons by refusing to place party loyalty above principle and also by withholding their aid, comfort and encouragement from those churches which seek to rule by law rather than restrain by love. That portion of our citizenship which glorifies in American traditions and Christian ideals can perform a real service to God and man by forthwith making it inexpedient for political parties and churches to longer do obeisance to the abominable Prohibition Moloch.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of April 26, 1930

Dedication services were held last Sunday in the Grape Grower Bay of the Cathedral of St. George the Divine. An impending drive for funds to complete the Cathedral was announced.

A bill was introduced in the House designed to amend the Federal anti-noise statute of 1935 so as to double the penalties for operating an airplane without a muffler.

The well preserved remains of a genuine "cowboy" were unearthed last week during excavations for a new subway in Cody, Wyoming. The Research Director of the State Historical Museum has identified a number of articles connected with the trade of the deceased. Among them were "chaps," "lariat," and "quirt."

Under the statute for Economic Protection of Prosperity eight more convictions were secured this week against owners of automobiles over two years old. The Attorney General announced that the section of the statute forbidding the wearing of old clothes will continue to be rigidly enforced.

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Outlook and Independent Classified Section

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Mosquito free under Gorgas system.
References *Booklet*
J. W. Merritt, Sebasco Estates, Sebasco, Maine.

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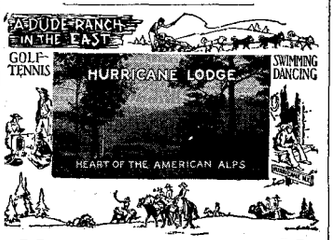
Hotels and Resorts

New York



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